

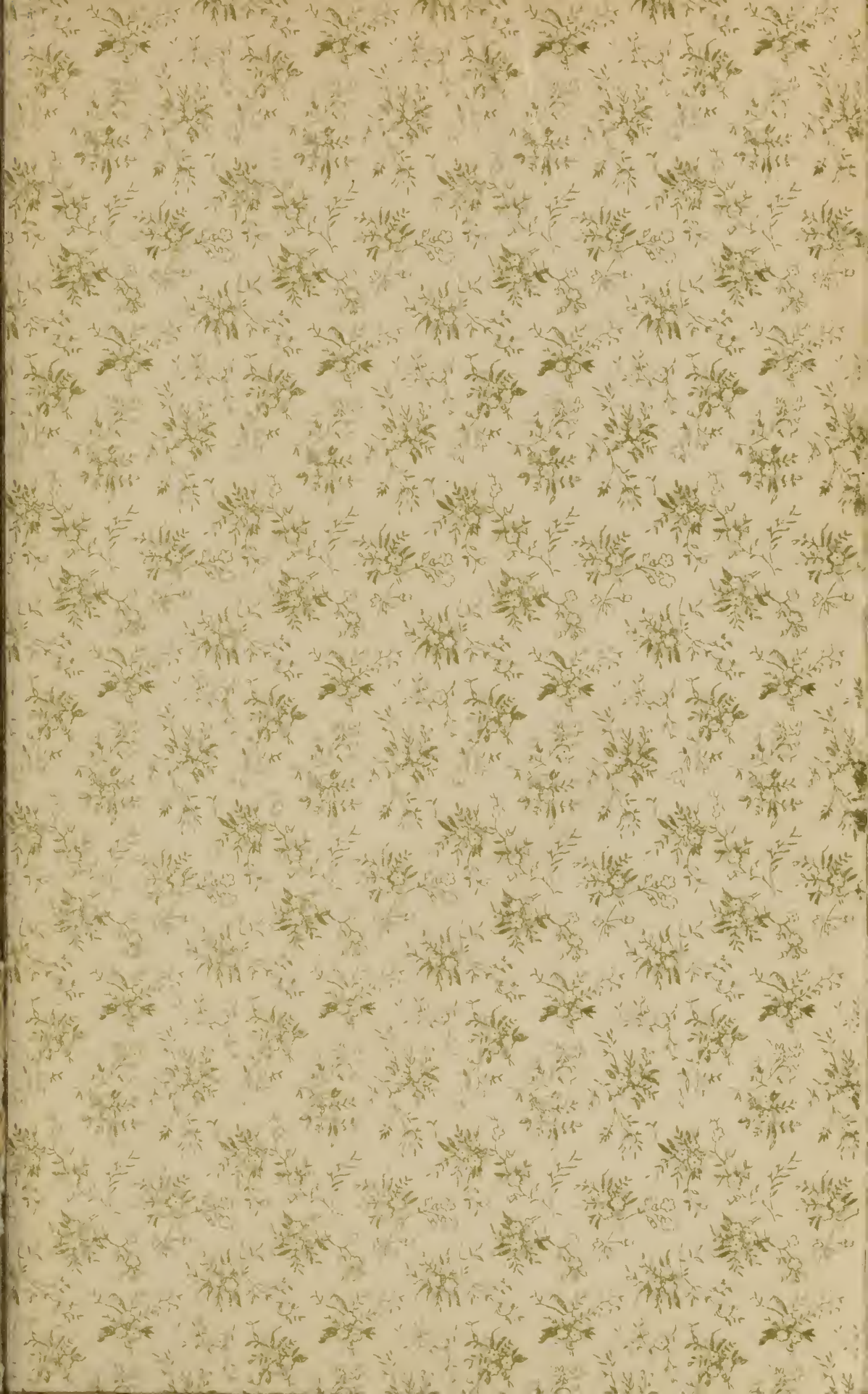
SONGS  
OF  
FRANCE

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SONGS OF FRANCE,  
FROM NAPOLEON I. TO LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

BY  
PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES, LITERARY  
AND HISTORICAL,

BY  
LAMBERT SAUVEUR, LL.D.,  
AUTHOR OF "CAUSERIES AVEC MES ÉLÈVES," "ENTRETIENS SUR LA  
GRAMMAIRE," ETC.

TRANSLATED BY  
MARGARET TATNALL CANBY,  
AND  
VIRGINIA ROBERTS BOWERS.

Limited Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY WM. F. FELL & CO.,  
1220-1224 SANSOM STREET.  
1894.



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## PREFACE.

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DR. SAUVEUR, in his preface to the French edition of "The Songs of Béranger,"\* thus gives his reasons for preparing such a work: "The professor or lecturer who has just read some of the songs of Béranger to his pupils or audience, is somewhat perplexed by the question, frequently addressed to him, 'Where can we find the Works of Béranger?' It is this perplexity, which I have often experienced, that gave me the idea of preparing a volume of the 'Songs,' which could be placed in the family library, and recommended for use in schools; an edition of the great song-writer, which, omitting all the poems that are feeble or without much value, would include all the master-pieces of Béranger, those famous songs which do honor to the genius, the heart, the sentiments, and the good taste of their author, and which have placed him in the foremost rank among the poets of this century. . . .

"The commentaries which accompany each poem, explain its meaning and character, and make known the contemporaneous events which inspired the muse of

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\* The full title of the French volume is: "Les Chansons de Béranger, avec Notes et Commentaires Historiques; Par Lambert Sauveur, Docteur es Lettres et en Droit, Président du Collège des Langues." For sale by W. R. Jenkins, New York; Carl Schoenhof, Boston.

the poet; they also refer to the persons of whom he sings, and those whom he ridicules in his satirical poems."

And again: "This book has not been prepared for schools alone; it is intended for every reader interested in literature and poetry, and desirous of studying the writings of a man, who was at once the most popular and the most valiant of French authors; the strongest of those brave soldiers of the pen, who contended, during the first half of this century, for the honor and independence of France, for the glory of the great Emperor, Napoleon I., for the tricolored flag, for the liberty, equality, and fraternity of men; and who made war upon kings, upon the Bourbons, the old *noblesse*, the old order of things, and all social wrongs; and, finally, upon those foreigners, allies of the Bourbon Kings, who were the invaders of France in 1814 and 1815."

From these extracts it will be seen that the poems in this volume have been carefully selected from the great number written by PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER, and are well calculated to give a clear idea of the poet's style and of his favorite themes; they embrace a great variety of subjects, and are of interest to the student of history and political economy, as well as of literature and poetry.

The manner and metre of the poems are as varied as the themes, and may, possibly, be a pleasant surprise to those hitherto unacquainted with the lyric poetry of France, as given us by one who excelled in it, one who is even spoken of as "the greatest Lyric Poet of all ages." While some songs are gay and mirthful, others are thoughtful and serious; some are replete with sad-



ness at the fall of the First Empire, and of the great Napoleon ; and others deal with " the short and simple annals of the poor," the sorrows of the outcast, the friendless, and the oppressed.

We have not appended any life of our Poet to this collection of his songs, for the reason that all the important events in the life of Béranger are alluded to, very clearly and interestingly, in the introductions and notes written by Dr. Sauveur, and can there be studied.

With a few exceptions, the translations of these songs are entirely new, made expressly for this work, and have never appeared in print. Our grateful acknowledgments are due to Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Vinton, of Philadelphia, for the excellent translations which they have kindly contributed to this volume. By referring to the Table of Contents the titles of their poems will be found, followed by their respective names.

The exceptions alluded to above, are some translations taken from an old book, now out of print, entitled "The Songs of Béranger, in English," published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, in 1844. We take pleasure in here acknowledging the courtesy of Mr. Henry Carey Baird, successor of E. L. Carey, of the above firm, in giving us his full permission to reprint some poems from the said book, and to make a few alterations and corrections in the translations thus used.

THE TRANSLATORS.

PHILADELPHIA, *March, 1894.*



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\* The poems marked with an asterisk are taken, by permission of Dr. Sauveur, from an old book called, "The Songs of Béranger, in English;" being the first work of that kind ever published in this country. No copyright or other rights infringed. Published by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, in 1844. This book, now out of print, was kindly loaned to us by Mrs. Charles I. DuPont, of Wilmington, Delaware.

THE TRANSLATORS.



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# SONGS OF FRANCE.

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*TRANSLATED FROM BÉRANGER.*

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## THE KING OF YVETOT.

*LE ROI D'YVETOT.*

MAY, 1813.

In 1813 the nation was weary of war and despotism :

Terror of night, disturbance by day,  
Drums, drums, drums, drums ;  
Will you deafen me then alway,  
Drums, drums, horrible drums !

From the time of this first ballad, the poet took the people for his muse, and presented the petty King of Yvetot as a model to the great Emperor.

Béranger, who was poor and held a small office at the University, required courage to dare criticise thus a man who awed all Frenchmen into silence. It is right to state, however, to the credit of the Government, that the author did not undergo any persecution. Perhaps Napoleon had a presentiment that, after the fall of his Empire and the desertion of his flatterers, the young song-writer would forever sing to France of his glory and greatness.

At Yvetot there lived a king<sup>1</sup>  
In history little known,  
Who thought that Glory, useless thing,  
Would not become his throne.  
A cotton night-cap graced his brows,  
Which Janet, mistress of his house,  
Gave him as crown. O dear !  
Oh, what a funny king was here.

He breakfasted, he dined, he slept,  
As other sovereigns do ;  
And, on a donkey which he kept,  
Traveled his kingdom through.  
Plain, honest, unsuspecting, free,  
No other body-guard had he  
Than a poor dog. O dear !  
Oh, what a funny king was here.

This sovereign had but one caprice,  
He loved a jovial cup ;  
But kings who wish to live in peace,  
Must keep their spirits up.  
He never let the flagon pass  
Without his tribute of a glass ;  
This was his tax. O dear !  
Oh, what a funny king was here.

Him would the village girls admire,  
All hailed him with delight,  
Whilst his young subjects called him "Sire,"  
For reverence is right.  
'Twas only every now and then  
He drilled his little troop of men,  
But fired no ball. O dear !  
Oh, what a funny king was here.



He never clipped a neighboring State  
To aggrandize his own ;  
This pattern for a Potentate  
Made Peace support his throne.  
And when this best of monarchs died,  
His subjects buried him and cried—  
They wept and cried—" O dear !  
Oh, what a funny king was here."

The portrait of this best of kings,  
So loved in days of yore,  
Is now a well-known sign, and swings  
Above an ale-house door ;  
And country folks on holidays  
Will stop and drink, and as they gaze  
Will cry, " O dear ! O dear !  
Oh, what a funny king was here."

1. An old tradition relates that under the Merovingian dynasty, a lord of Yvetot, a city of Normandy, obtained a grant by which his little domain was elevated into a kingdom.

## ROGER BONTEMPS.

1814.

“In 1814 a portion of the country was invaded, and the foreboding of a general overthrow already filled thoughtful minds.”—BÉRANGER.

At this era, when men's souls were filled with sadness and gloom, after prodigious victories and in the hour of reverses, the poet decries grandeur and ostentation. He applauds in “Roger Bontemps” what Rabelais admired in Socrates, “an excessive contempt for all that, for which mankind watch, seek, toil, travel, and struggle so diligently.”

For men of melancholy mind,  
 When times were out of joint,  
 Came Roger Bontemps ; and we find  
 His ways a moral point.  
 He dwelt obscurely, to his taste,  
 From grumblers turned away ;  
 Such was the course Bontemps embraced,—  
 Old Roger, stout and gay.

The self-same hat his father wore,  
 Dressed out for holidays ;  
 The ivy or the rose it bore  
 Renewed its youth always ;  
 Wearing a cloak of woolen stuff  
 For twenty years, they say ;  
 Such trapping Bontemps found enough,—  
 Old Roger, stout and gay.

He had within his humble cot  
 A table and a bed,  
 A flute, some cards, as like as not ;  
 A jug, which heaven fed ;

A portrait of a maiden fair,  
Strong box, without a *sou* ;  
Of riches such was Bontemps' share,—  
All stout old Roger knew.

To all the children of the town  
Their little games he taught,  
And gained among them great renown  
From tales with wonder fraught ;  
He oft would tell them of the dance,  
Or books of song display ;  
Such science thrived 'neath Bontemps' glance,—  
Old Roger, stout and gay.

As finer brands he failed to meet,  
He gulped down home-made wine ;  
Preferring village Marguerite  
To dames of fashion fine.  
Of tenderness and sparkling joy  
His heart was full alway ;  
Such wisdom Bontemps could enjoy,—  
Old Roger, stout and gay.

He said to Heaven : " I commend  
Myself and all to Thee ;  
If my philosophy offend,  
Pardon its gayety ;  
When I for my last days prepare,  
Still grant it Spring may be."  
Such oft was poor old Bontemps' prayer,—  
Stout Roger's earnest plea.

O you, poor souls, who envy hide,  
And you who riches praise,  
And you whose chariots turn aside  
From paths of happier days ;

And you who having lost, may be,  
Some title with its glory,  
Perhaps you may a model see  
In Roger Bontemps' story.



## THE BEGGARS.

*LES GUEUX.*

In 1812, before the Russian war, Napoleon had reached the zenith of his fame. At this time, if anything was still valued in France after military achievements, it was wealth. Neither the poor nor men of genius were of any consequence. Béranger protests against this by extolling beggars, whom he declares to be the happiest of men, even going so far as to exalt them: like them, CHRIST was poor; and Homer, the greatest of all poets, possessed only a wallet and a staff. Our poet, moreover, always loved the poor people and never severed himself from them. "Do not allow yourself to be transplanted into gilded drawing-rooms," he said; "they will not be slow in separating you from the friends of your childhood and youth. Having already experienced it, I cling to my early life and old friends. Many times, too, after having taken my place at sumptuous banquets, in the midst of new acquaintances, I have dined the next day in a back shop or a garret, to become invigorated beside my companions in misery. I gained in this way the advantage of not remaining a stranger to the lower classes, for whom I was bound to sing, and to whose improvement I should have been glad to contribute."

Of beggars let us sing the praise,  
Sing of beggars, lustily !  
'Tis time the Muse at last should raise  
A song for honest poverty.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !

Yes, happiness can find a home  
Within the poor man's quiet breast :  
I learn of this in Gospel tome ;  
My cheerfulness can this attest.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !

On fair Parnassus, from of old  
Has Genius reigned in poverty ;  
Great Homer had no goods, no gold,—  
A wallet and a staff had he.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them. then !

O ye who mourn your low estate,  
Full many a courtier, says my Muse,  
With aching feet attends the great,  
And sighs for childhood's wooden shoes.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !



Of pomp, which man with envy sees,  
Exile has oft been the reward ;  
Within his tub, Diogenes  
Defies the Macedonian lord.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !

You wonder at yon palace rare,  
But many a princess groans and weeps ;  
One can dine well though boards are bare,  
And on the straw one soundly sleeps.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !

What fair Divinity is this  
Who scatters flowers around your cot ?  
'Tis Love, who bringeth light and bliss,  
To cheer the poor man's lowly lot.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !

And Friendship, too, which some regret,  
Is still within our sunny land ;  
She clinks her glass at dances yet,  
With soldier lads on either hand.  
The beggars, the beggars,  
Are all happy men ;  
They are true to each other,  
Long life to them, then !

## THE GOD OF GOOD PEOPLE.

*LE DIEU DES BONNES GENS.*

“Béranger had a familiar and cheerful philosophy ; he believed it possible to make knowledge accessible and easy, to popularize it for the use of the great number. Christianity was a living thing in his eyes, and it seemed to him that '89 had only been a powerful stroke of the hour to place charity decidedly under secular jurisdiction. He understands it in this way, and acknowledges it: ‘I am much more Christian than they suppose,’ he wrote one day to the Abbé de Pradt ; ‘they would not treat me as antichristian, if they did not make of Christianity a political expedient.’ At twenty years of age he fasted on Good Friday, although fasting inconvenienced him.”—SAINTE-BEUVE.

And again : “Béranger believes in God like Rousseau, and with greater significance, for he is an optimist, which fully agrees with faith in a superior and good Being.”

In all eras of the world men have created a Divinity according to their own idea, and it can be said with truth that there is a God of the good, and a God of the bad, cruel, or wicked. The good, that is to say, men who readily love their fellows, who are charitable, gentle to everybody and everything, tender-hearted toward all, always ready to pardon and excuse, who would suffer if compelled to reprove, and who never would be so heartless as to condemn to death or perdition ;—these men, who are incapable of despising the Author of all things, other men, or nature, who seek their models in the gentle JESUS, François de Sales, Vincent de Paul, or the Sisters of Charity ;—these good people have imagined a God who resembles themselves, and Who governs the

world with unbounded love, goodness, and infinite mercy. It is this God, much more a Father than a King, that Béranger trusts, and it is of Him he thinks in his last moments, when he says to the Abbé Jouselin, his pastor : “ Your function gives you the right to bless me. I also bless you. Pray for me and all the unfortunate. My life has been that of an upright man. I do not remember anything for which I may have to blush in the presence of God.”

There is a God, Whom humbly I adore ;  
 Poor and content, I make no further plea.<sup>1</sup>  
 When I the universal laws explore  
 I need not love the evil that I see.  
 But my philosophy, a pleasant guide,  
 Reveals the mind which governs heaven and earth.<sup>2</sup>  
 So, glass in hand, I gayly will confide  
 Myself unto the God of honest worth.

Beneath my roof, though want may not arouse,<sup>3</sup>  
 It sits beside the pillow at my head ;  
 But rocked by Hope, while Love my breast endows,  
 I find, in dreams, midst down, a softer bed.  
 With Gods of Courts let other hearts abide ;  
 My God bends tenderly toward the earth,—<sup>4</sup>  
 So, glass in hand, I gayly will confide  
 Myself unto the God of honest worth.

A conquering hero, in his flush of pride,  
 Of laws and sceptres makes a merry jest ;  
 His dusty footstep still may be descried  
 Upon the royal diadems impressed.  
 You cringed, O Kings ! whom some have deified ;  
 But I defy exacting lords of earth,<sup>5</sup>  
 And, glass in hand, I gayly will confide  
 Myself unto the God of honest worth.

Within our palace, by proud Victory's side,  
 Where fine arts shine, sweet fruit of sunny skies,  
 I've seen the base, inglorious, Northern tide  
 Shake off the frost that from each mantle flies.  
 Though on our wreck by Albion still defied,  
 Like changing waves are destinies on earth.  
 So, glass in hand, I gayly will confide  
 Myself unto the God of honest worth.

What threats ecclesiastics may command !  
 We all are near unto the final day ;  
 Eternity we then may understand :  
 Time and the universe will pass away.  
 O Cherubim ! with cheeks extended wide,  
 Awake the dead, long-sleeping sons of earth.  
 And, glass in hand, I gayly will confide  
 Myself unto the God of honest worth.

But what an error ! No ; God is not wrath ;  
 What He creates may in His arms recline :  
 He gives us wine, and friends about our path,  
 And you, O Love ! perfecting His design,—  
 Your charm midst my philosophy abide  
 To dissipate afflicting dreams from earth.<sup>6</sup>  
 And, glass in hand, let every one confide  
 Himself unto the God of honest worth.

1. We are permitted to ask of God, but only for those things that raise us morally, those favors which we would not be ashamed to ask aloud before the whole world, and never for ourselves alone.

2. There is evil in the world, moral and physical evil, troubles for body, soul, and spirit. Béranger did not wish us to accuse God of being the author of it, nor even did he wish that we should doubt His providence. Has He not given us pleasure, if not happi-

ness, and is not this enough to proclaim His wisdom as well as His goodness?

3. Poverty is the want of the useful things of life. It is less cruel than misery, which is deprivation of necessary things. The latter would have awakened our poet, or rather it would not have suffered him to sleep.

4. He was unwilling to sacrifice anything to the powers of this world: he preferred to rely on the goodness of God.

5. While kings were cringing before Napoleon, Béranger dared write "The King of Yvetot."

6. God has created all things and preserves all; He has given us the fruits of earth, and those delights of the soul, friendship and love: in return let us give Him, not servile fear, but filial love. Casting aside apprehensions, let us be satisfied with loving; such is the tranquil philosophy of Béranger and all good people.



## MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

*ADIEUX DE MARIE STUART.*

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, born December 5, 1542, executed February 18, 1587, was the daughter of James V., King of Scotland, and Marie de Lorraine, daughter of the Duke de Guise. Her father died a few days after her birth. To take her away from Henry VIII., who wished to give her hand to his son Edward, her mother sent her to France at the age of six. She was educated there and betrothed to the Dauphin, son of Henry II. Mary won all hearts by her beauty and intelligence. "When she entered her fifteenth year," says Brantôme, "her beauty burst forth like the light at mid-day." And Queen Catherine de Medicis said, "Our little Scotch Queen has only to smile in order to turn the heads of the French."

She was married to the Dauphin, afterward Francis II., April 24, 1558. She became a widow "in the beautiful prime of her happiest years," at the age of eighteen. Out of favor with Catherine de Medicis, Mary resolved to return to Scotland, and embarked at Calais, August 15, 1561. It is this moment of her life that our ballad recalls, suggested to the poet by the following passage from Brantôme, an eye-witness of the sad departure:—

"A gentle breeze having arisen, they commenced to set sail. Mary, oblivious of everything, leaned her arms on the stern of the galley, near the helm, and wept bitterly, ever casting her beautiful eyes toward the shore and repeating incessantly, 'Farewell, France! France, farewell!' And she continued to do this, standing for nearly five hours, until it began to grow dark, when

they asked her if she would not come away and take a little supper."

She escaped at the English cruising-place, thanks to a fog which came on the next day, and which Brantôme declared to be an emblem of the kingdom of Scotland, "confused, blundering, and disagreeable."

Farewell, thou charming land of France !  
Loved shalt thou be for evermore.  
Here beamed my childhood's happy glance ;  
Adieu ! 'tis death to quit thy shore.

Adopted home of early years,  
From whence I now must exiled be,  
Take my farewell ; receive my tears ;  
And keep, O France ! my memory.  
The wind is high ;—we leave the land,  
And, heeding not my weeping eyes,  
To cast me back upon thy strand,  
Heaven the stormy wave denies.

Farewell, thou charming land of France !  
Loved shalt thou be for evermore.  
Here beamed my childhood's happy glance ;  
Adieu ! 'tis death to quit thy shore.

When, 'mid my favorite people's gaze,  
I graced the Tournay's dazzling ring,  
My rank woke not the shouts of praise  
So much as my young beauty's spring.  
Vain is the crown, the sceptre vain,  
Which me in gloomy Scotland wait ;  
Unless it were o'er France to reign,  
I care not for my queenly state.

Farewell, thou charming land of France !  
Loved shalt thou be for evermore.  
Here beamed my childhood's happy glance ;  
Adieu ! 'tis death to quit thy shore.

There Glory, Love, and Genius smiled,  
And deep my youth has drank of all ;  
But in far Caledonia's wild,  
What storms upon my fate may fall.  
Dark, too, an omen lately gleamed,  
Well may my heart affrighted be,—  
For, in a vision dread, there seemed  
A *scaffold* raised,—and raised for *me*.

Farewell, thou charming land of France !  
Loved shalt thou be for evermore.  
Here beamed my childhood's happy glance ;  
Adieu ! 'tis death to quit thy shore.

O France ! 'mid future wrongs and fears,  
The daughter of the Stuarts' line,  
As in this day that sees her tears,  
Shall turn her thoughts to thee and thine.  
But ah ! the vessel's rapid sail  
Already speeds 'neath other skies ;  
And night, beneath her cloudy veil,  
Conceals thee from my longing eyes.

Farewell, thou charming land of France !  
Loved shalt thou be for evermore.  
Here beamed my childhood's happy glance ;  
Adieu ! 'tis death to quit thy shore.

## MY VOCATION.

*MA VOCATION.*

Béranger certainly was called to sing and to make others sing. Never did a man more truly discover his vocation, and no poet ever chose his style more happily. He has acquired in song an unparalleled fame; there he is as much master and king as La Fontaine is in fable, or Molière in comedy. "Every year his ballads have delighted millions," says Goethe; "they have not only become the admiration of France, but of all educated Europe."

Tossed on this earthly sphere,  
 Unsightly, sick, distressed,<sup>1</sup>  
 Too small for grand career,  
 Amidst the crowd suppressed;  
 Often a plaintive cry  
 Forth from my lips will spring;  
 The good God hears my sigh  
 And gently answers: "Sing,  
 Sing, poor little one, sing."

Splashed by the chariot wheels,  
 Cut by the haughty stare,  
 As insolence reveals  
 The purse-proud people there;  
 From this, as they pass by,  
 Naught saves me from the sting;  
 The good God hears my sigh  
 And gently answers: "Sing,  
 Sing, poor little one, sing."

Uncertainty the bane,  
 And want my constant dread,

I serve beneath the chain  
 Of drudgery for bread ;<sup>2</sup>  
 In love with liberty,  
 Toil daily food must bring ;  
 The good God hears my sigh  
 And gently answers : “ Sing,  
 Sing, poor little one, sing.”

Love deigned in my distress  
 Some consolation bright ;  
 Alas ! it ceased to bless  
 When youthful days took flight ;  
 In vain, with beauty nigh,  
 My heart would tribute bring ;  
 The good God hears my sigh  
 And gently answers : “ Sing,  
 Sing, poor little one, sing.”

If I may judge and choose,  
 To sing is here my task ;  
 From those whom I amuse  
 Their love is all I ask.  
 When friends are gathered nigh,  
 Midst pleasure wine may bring,  
 The good God hears my sigh  
 And gently answers : “ Sing,  
 Sing, poor little one, sing.”

1. He was, he says, attacked several times with dangerous illnesses, and subject from his infancy to fevers and the most violent headaches.

2. Upon the formation of the Imperial University, he had obtained a situation in the offices for a thousand francs ; there was no position below it.

## THE OLD FIDDLER.

*LE VIEUX MÉNÉTRIER.*

NOVEMBER, 1815.

“ This ballad was composed in the midst of the proscriptions and executions that cast a blemish upon the Second Restoration, and which continued for a long time to alienate truly generous and patriotic hearts.”

—BÉRANGER.

This song of peace and love is worthy of our highest admiration. Every heart can join and beat in unison under the old oak of the fiddler ; Bourbons and Bonapartists—all mankind—should rejoice in the poet’s invitation to the village dance and the fraternal embrace of all parties.

I am only a plain old man,  
 The fiddler of the hamlet here,  
 Yet some consider me a sage ;—  
 I take my wine both strong and clear.  
 Around me, ’neath this spreading shade,  
 Rest from your tasks, my comrades dear ;  
 And while I play, ye, village folk,  
 Can dance beneath my ancient oak.

Yes, dance beneath my ancient oak,  
 Which shades the inn with leafy screen ;  
 The good old times saw hatred die,  
 And friendship reigning here serene.  
 Our grandsires, meeting happily,  
 Its verdant branches oft have seen !  
 Now, tra la la, ye village folk,  
 Come, dance beneath my ancient oak.



Have pity for your feudal lord,  
The master of yon castle great ;  
For he your quiet country life  
Must envy, with its happy fate ;  
How sad he looks within his coach,  
When driving by in lonely state,  
While, tra la la, ye village folk,  
Are dancing 'neath my ancient oak.

Do not accuse unto the church  
The man who lives without a priest,  
But pray that by the grace of God,  
His grain and vintage be increased.  
Would he to pleasure homage pay,  
Let him come here, from care released,  
And with you all, O village folk,  
Dance gayly 'neath this ancient oak.

If round your field there only stands  
A feeble hedge of hawthorn sweet,  
No reason that, for you to thrust  
Your sickle in another's wheat.  
A good man's heirs shall own his land  
When he is in his winding-sheet.  
So, tra la la, ye village folk,  
Come, dance beneath my ancient oak.

When gentle peace shall shed its balm  
O'er evils wrought by war's array,  
Oh ! drive not from his early home  
The blinded one who went astray ;  
The storm is over ; welcome back  
Those whom the blast had swept away,  
And, tra la la, ye village folk,  
Come, dance beneath my ancient oak.<sup>1</sup>

Now listen to a plain old man ;  
 Under his oak, come one, come all.  
 I summon you as brothers dear ;  
 Let words of love and friendship fall.  
 If thus you live from age to age,  
 Sweet peace shall be your heritage ;  
 And ye shall long, O village folk,  
 Dance gayly 'neath my ancient oak.

1. Here are the facts which help us to comprehend these lines : In 1815, after the Hundred Days, peace spread its balm over the evils of war.

However, in the eyes of the Bourbons, returned to power, the partisans of Napoleon were criminals. "Respect them," says the fiddler, "as the blind who go astray, and do not banish them."

"Recall and unite," he adds, "those whom the storm of the Hundred Days has divided and dispersed."



## THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.

*LE MARQUIS DE CARABAS.*

NOVEMBER, 1816.

The Royalist prejudices of 1816 were extreme : most cruel vengeance was practiced against the friends of liberty and of the Emperor. "So much violence, mingled with so much that was ridiculous," says Sainte-Beuve, "aroused the avenging mirth of Béranger." The great and good poet took far more delight in celebrating the glory of France, than in making songs on those who dishonored her, but when the sight of the ridiculous or of evil aroused his indignation, the irony

of his muse turned to contempt, his derision was terrible, and his verses resounded like an avenging cry, uttered by the exasperated country.

The Marquis of Carabas is the representative of those nobles who emigrated when the Revolution was accomplished, rather than submit to reforms and the new order of things. Many of them disgraced themselves so far as to enter hostile armies and fight against their own country. Returned to France with the Bourbons in 1815, these men had the audacity to be proud, to resume their lofty airs, and to claim loudly the privileges and rights henceforth abolished, which were an insult to the rest of the nation. Béranger made them feel the lash of his satire.

See the old Marquis back again,  
With all a conqueror's disdain ;  
His agèd, half-starved horse once more  
Has brought him home from a distant shore.  
Toward his ancient portal  
Rides this noble mortal,  
And in triumph abroad  
Waves his innocent sword.  
Hats off ! Hats off ! All glory be,  
Marquis of Carabas, to thee !

“Chaplains, Keepers of my Castles,  
Peasants, Underlings, and Vassals,  
Through me,” cries he, “our King has won ;  
By me, alone, it all was done.  
Now should he fail to see  
My rights restored to me,  
Then things for him, alas !  
Will reach a pretty pass.”  
Hats off ! Hats off ! All glory be,  
Marquis of Carabas, to thee !

“ Some speak of millers—though I claim  
They but calumniate my name ;<sup>1</sup>  
My line, in fact, is clearly brought  
From royal Pepin, called the Short.  
And from the arms I bear,  
I’m ready to declare  
My house and whence it springs,  
Far nobler than the King’s.”  
Hats off ! Hats off ! All glory be,  
Marquis of Carabas, to thee !

“ Who shall withstand me ? My Marquise  
Before the Queen may sit at ease ;  
My youngest son, a courtier gay,  
Will be a Bishop in his day.  
My son, the Baron, though  
A coward, as I know,  
Would decorations bear :  
He shall have three to wear.”  
Hats off ! Hats off ! All glory be,  
Marquis of Carabas, to thee !

“ Then may we ever live in peace ;  
And let all talk of taxes cease ;  
The interests of the State are served  
When gentry are from toil preserved.  
Thanks to my castle walls  
And to my arsenals,  
If Prefects come around,  
I answer from sure grounds.”  
Hats off ! Hats off ! All glory be,  
Marquis of Carabas, to thee !

“ My Curé, let your duty be  
To burn sweet incense unto me ;  
Retainers, add to past renown—  
War on the peasants ; beat them down !

So may my heirs acquire,  
In future years entire,  
The rights, with glory wreathed,  
My ancestors bequeathed.”  
Hats off! Hats off! All glory be,  
Marquis of Carabas, to thee!

1. “The Marquis of Carabas,” says M. Littré, “is the protégé of Puss in Boots in Perrault’s story. This Marquis, far from being noble, was the son of a miller, which Béranger has maintained in his ballad.”



## THE PLEBEIAN.

## LE VILAIN.

“My father was born in a village tavern; this did not prevent him from making pretensions to the nobility. He sustained these pretensions by foolish family traditions, causing him to give me, in my certificate of birth, the feudal particle, which he always displayed, and to which my mother, although the daughter of a tailor, adhered no less than he.”—BÉRANGER.

About 1812 the poet himself placed a *de* before his name, in order to distinguish him from other Bérangers to whom certain of his ballads had been attributed. For a long time the Faubourg Saint-Germain believed him to be noble, which added still more to the hatred felt for him on account of his attacks against royalty. The Viscount de Chateaubriand was, however, his friend

and admirer. He speaks as follows of this illustrious plebeian : “ I gaze with pleasure on this plebeian face, after having looked upon so many royal faces ; I compare these widely different types : kingly countenances reveal something of an exalted nature, but withered, impotent, faded ; on democratic faces appears a common physical nature, but they bear the stamp of high intellect ; the kingly brow has lost the crown ; the popular brow awaits it.”

Some folks I know, not over wise,  
 Are very apt to criticise  
     The “ *de* ” before my name ;  
 Nay, more, they want me to confess  
 From which branch of the old *noblesse*  
     This trifling honor came.  
 Hurt at these queries, I reply :  
 “ I’m not of noble blood, not I,  
     I have no crest to show ;  
 I’ve nought beyond a patriot’s worth,  
 And as for parentage and birth,—  
     I’m a plebeian low.”

Indeed, I think this “ *de*,” good sir,  
 Is, if I reason right, a slur ;  
     By it I plainly see,  
 My ancestors, in days of yore,  
 The yoke of some harsh tyrant bore,  
     And sighed for Liberty.  
 This yoke was then, and may be still,  
 The stone that turns within the mill ;  
     I think so, and ’tis plain  
 That if this bondage formed the stone,  
 It may as clearly, too, be shown,  
     The people were the grain.



But, then, my grandsires ne'er oppressed  
 The few poor vassals they possessed,—  
     In easy bondage placed ;  
 What power they had was not abused,  
 The swords they wore were never used  
     To lay their country waste.  
 These honest men, for so I hear,  
 Stuck to the homes they held so dear ;  
     Merlin himself might see <sup>1</sup>  
 His magic power employed in vain,  
 To make e'en one a chamberlain  
     To wait on royalty. <sup>2</sup>

My ancestors, though brave in heart,  
 In party feuds ne'er took a part,  
     Nor mixed in civil broil ;  
 Not one would lend his feeble aid  
 To assist the inroads Britain made  
     Upon their native soil. <sup>3</sup>  
 And when the Church, in that dark age,  
 A war against our rights would wage,  
     And overwhelm us all,  
 They never mixed in Church intrigue ;  
 Not one would ever join "the League" <sup>4</sup>  
     To aid their country's fall.

Ye noble and exalted souls,  
 With ribbons in your buttonholes,  
     Who, when ye scent the game,  
 Like pointers follow in the track,—  
 Oh ! do not grudge the "*de*" I tack  
     To my ignoble name.  
 I honor men of humble breed,  
 I'd fain be true in word and deed ;  
     Though mischievous, you know,  
 I flatter not the great, not I ;  
 And as to rank and family,  
     I'm a plebeian low.

1. Merlin. Famous enchanter in the romances of the Round Table.

2. In 1815, many men of the old nobility, weary of living in their castles in the country, solicited employment in the antechamber of Louis XVIII, whom the poet represents as Charlemagne. What a Charlemagne!

3. At the time when Joan of Arc appeared to save the country, some of the French nobility had abandoned the national flag to follow the English standard.

4. League. This refers to what was called the *League* and the *Holy League*, a union the Catholics had formed in opposition to the Protestants; they made war against Henry IV.



## THE BIRDS.

### LES OISEAUX.

JANUARY 1816.

“In 1816, in the month of January, Arnault, banished, left France, and we conducted him as far as Bourget, which was then, as it were, the limit of the kingdom, the remainder on that side being placed under foreign occupation. In the evening, in a room of the inn, at table with a young officer of light-horse intrusted with watching over this frontier, and who bewailed the misfortunes of the country, I sang to the poor exile the ballad of ‘The Birds,’ sad farewells, followed by farewells sadder still.”—BÉRANGER.

At the same time other celebrated men were driven out of their country; among them, Carnot, Sieyès, the painter David, Cambacérès, Marshals Soult and Grouchy, Generals Vandamme, Excelmans, and Drouet

d' Erlon. Carnot and several of his companions died in exile.

It was to M. Arnault that Béranger was indebted for being admitted into the offices of the University. His ballad of "The Birds" is an affectionate token of his gratitude. And what consolations he offers to his friend: "France is unhappy under a government that pursues with its animosity, glory and liberty. It is winter here. We envy thy exile, for it resembles the departure of the birds, who seek on other shores tranquillity and spring-time. More than thou have we cause to mourn. Happy is he who can go away for a little while, to return after the storms!"

Stern Winter, over house and land,  
Is raging in his fury strong,  
And unto other shores, the birds  
Have winged their flight with love and song;  
But in that calm and safe retreat,  
In heart to early homes they cling:  
The birds, whom Winter drives away,  
Will come again with Spring.

To exile, Fate condemns them now,  
And we, poor mortals, for them mourn;  
Through palace-hall and lowly cot  
Their songs by echoes sweet are borne.  
Let them depart; in those fair lands,  
To happy hearts new charms they'll bring;  
The birds, whom Winter drives away,  
Will come again with Spring.

Like birds fast bound unto this shore,<sup>1</sup>  
We envy their more happy fate.  
Far in the North the darksome clouds  
Arise, and threaten dangers great;

How happy they who from the storm  
Can flee awhile on rapid wing !  
The birds, whom Winter drives away,  
Will come again with Spring.

They will remember all our grief,  
And, when the clouds at last depart,  
They will return to that old oak,<sup>2</sup>  
So often bent, yet brave at heart ;  
And to the fertile vale below,  
Of peaceful, happy days they'll sing ;  
The birds, whom Winter drives away,  
Will come again with Spring.

1. The French detained in France by duty, business, or attachment to their native soil.

2. This *old oak* is a noble and touching image of France. The strongest of trees, the one that best holds its head to the storms, is fitly chosen to represent this old and powerful nation, which has sustained so many struggles for centuries, and always remains erect, proud, and full of hope, as in the happiest days of its long history.

## MY COAT.

*MON HABIT.*

If this ballad is a poetical fancy, we must admit that the fancy here is very serious in the main, full of instruction as well as satire. Our coat is very close to us : through it we see the body, and can almost divine what the soul is. We form an opinion of a man by his dress,—his simplicity or the contrary, his good or bad taste, the vanity or depth of his thoughts, the lowness or elevation of his mind, even the rectitude or shamelessness of his life. In a word, the dress is almost the man, and when Béranger says in his refrain : “ *Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas,*” it is to stimulate himself not to change party, always to remain faithful to the same flag, the same belief, that of the people, the country, the Revolution and the glory of France. The satire of the ballad falls on fops, exhaling musk and amber, especially on those who fill the antechambers of the great and solicit favors from all powers ; on the fool, all those fools who flattered Napoleon, under the Empire, Louis XVIII., when the Emperor went to the Island of Elba, Napoleon again on his return, then once more Louis XVIII., after Waterloo.

Still to my back, old trusty coat, be true !

Dear to my heart, for both are growing old ;

Ten years have passed since, fresh in cut and hue,

I brushed thee first, and still the brush I hold.

What though thy threadbare texture suffers wrong

From the rude insults of the time and weather,

Like two philosophers we'll go along ;—

Mine ancient friend, we still will cling together.

Now busy Mem'ry brings again the time  
When in thy glossy brightness first I wore thee ;  
It was my birthday morn,—in joyous rhyme  
My merry comrades sang their praises o'er thee.  
Their hearts are still as warm, their hands as true,—  
Though thou art rusty now and out of feather,—  
As on that festal morn when thou wert new :  
Mine ancient friend, oh ! let us cling together.

I smile whene'er thy mended skirt I view,  
A sweet remembrance in my spirit lingers ;—  
Romping with Lise, I sipped her lips of dew,  
And feigned to fly ; caught by her rosy fingers,  
My coat is torn ; but she, with ready wit,  
The rent repairs, while I, like lamb to tether,  
Two days beside the busy seamstress sit ;—  
Mine ancient friend, for that we'll cling together.

Nought hast thou known of costly musk or amber,  
Which fops exhale while, peacock-like, they strut ;  
Nor hast thou been in royal antechamber ;  
For courtiers' jests thou hast not been a butt.  
While France for ribbons fought, a tyrant's dole,  
A modest flow'r, the pride of summer weather,  
Bloomed at thy unpretending button-hole ;—  
Mine ancient friend, so let us cling together.

Still let us life's small vanities disdain,  
Spite of the past which both of us enjoyed ;  
Days of fair sunshine clouded o'er by rain,  
Of rapturous joy by sorrow oft alloyed.  
Soon must the time arrive when we must part,  
When I must silent sleep beneath the heather ;  
But while Life's current flows within my heart,  
- Mine ancient friend, oh ! let us cling together.



## THE GOOD OLD FRIEND.

*LA BONNE VIEILLE.*

The following lines of M. Perrotin, Editor of the "Songs of Béranger," will tell us all we care to know about "the good old lady:" "Mademoiselle Judith was a most lovely and highly educated young girl. Béranger did not know her until 1796, when she was just entering her eighteenth year. He met her at the house of her aunt, a woman of great respectability, Mademoiselle Robe, who brought her up, and left her, in 1818, the miserable remains of a fortune ruined by the Revolution. Although she did not live under Béranger's roof until the beginning of 1835, this friend can be said to have shared his whole life; she died only three months before him. She had been very beautiful; she retained even in old age the art of singing with purity and grace; full of intelligence, she was a worthy companion for him. There are only two of Béranger's ballads that bear the mark of the memory of Mademoiselle Judith. These are 'The Good Old Lady,' one of the most pathetic pieces he has written, and the delightful romance with the refrain:—

“ ‘Heavens! how beautiful she is!’

“The day Mademoiselle Judith was buried, he wished to follow her to the grave; he was only able to go to the church, painfully supported on the arm of a friend, and with his heart full of stifled grief, he went back to his lonely apartment. The assiduous cares and consolations of his friends apparently strengthened him; he still did what he could to support his afflicted and blasted life; but sickness and sorrow left him only a very few days, days of great sadness.”

You will grow old, my beautiful sweetheart !  
 You will grow old, and I shall be no more.  
 Swiftly for me the hours now depart,  
 And time counts twice the happy days of yore.  
 O ! leave me not. When youthful days expire  
 May you be faithful to my lessons here ;  
 And, good old friend, beside a peaceful fire,  
 Repeat your lover's songs in accents clear.

When eyes beneath Time's furrows seek to meet  
 The charming features that inspired my song,  
 And the young beg, eager for love-tales sweet,  
 " Tell us of him whom you have wept so long," —  
 Paint, if you can, my love which did not tire,  
 Its warmth, its rapture, e'en its jealous fear ;  
 And, good old friend, beside a peaceful fire,  
 Repeat your lover's songs in accents clear.

Then they will ask : " And was he very kind ?"  
 " I loved him," all unblushing, you will say.  
 " And did you faults or follies never find ?"  
 Proudly, again, you then will answer : " Nay."  
 Ah, tell how tenderly he touched his lyre,  
 Softened its joyous strains to love-notes dear,  
 And, good old friend, beside a peaceful fire,  
 Repeat your lover's songs in accents clear.

You whom I taught to weep belovèd France,  
 Say to the sons of the new cavaliers,  
 That I have sung of fame or hope, perchance,  
 But to console my country bathed in tears.  
 Remind them how the north-wind in his ire,  
 Felled twenty harvests of our laurels here ;  
 And, good old friend, beside a peaceful fire,  
 Repeat your lover's songs in accents clear.<sup>1</sup>

Belov'd one, when my too brief renown  
From your old age will charm all grief away ;  
When your weak hand my picture still will crown,  
Each coming Spring, with flowers fresh and gay,  
Look toward the world unseen, the heart's desire,  
Where we shall ever dwell together, dear ;<sup>2</sup>  
And, good old friend, beside a peaceful fire,  
Repeat your lover's songs in accents clear.

1. Good old lady, say to future defenders of the country that it was not for the purpose of flattering the Emperor I sang of his glory, for he was then a captive at Saint Helena, but to console my country in the hour of misfortune, when the north wind destroyed our laurels.

2. Love leads us to believe in another life, especially at the time when we are about to leave those we love. "Oh ! moment of supreme joy and unutterable emotion," says George Sand, "when the mother will again meet her child, and friends the worthy objects of their love. Let us love one another in this world, we who are still here, let us love one another in such a holy way, that we may be permitted to meet again on the shores of eternity, with the rapture of a family reunited after long wanderings."

## HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS.

*QU'ELLE EST JOLIE.*

How happy and eloquent are lovers! They say to the loved one much more than others are able to express. They are poets at this period of their life at least: they have an ideal vision, they add to the beauty of the beloved, embellish her, almost create her, and make her the only goddess. Hence the fascination of the one who listens and her joyous defeat.

“My sister is neither plain nor dull; but how much more beautiful are you!”—“So you think me prettier than your sister?” says the young girl to Vincent.—“Far prettier,” he replies.—“And how do I surpass her?” “How does the goldfinch surpass the little wren, unless it is in beauty, song and grace? Vincenette has blue and limpid eyes like the water of the sea. . . . Yours are black as jet; and when they flash upon me, I feel as if I were taking a draught of fiery wine. When my sister sang with her clear and delightful voice, it gave me great pleasure to listen to her sweet melody; but the smallest word you speak to me, oh maiden! enchants my ear and stirs my heart more than any song.

Thou little brook that murmurest in thy bed, move slowly, slowly! Make less noise amid thy resounding pebbles! Less noise, for their souls have vanished in the same spark of fire, vanished like a swarm of bees. . . . Let them lose themselves in the starry sky!”

MISTRAL.

Heavens! how beautiful she is!

She whom I ever love so well;

Her sad, sweet eyes make one to dream

Of all the love she does not tell.

From out the skies a sweet breath came  
To animate her heart and brain.  
Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
And I, and I, so plain.

Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
Not more than twenty springs are hers ;  
Her fair hair floats upon the breeze ;  
Her fresh, sweet lips emotion stirs.  
With many talents she is blessed,  
Yet of her charms she is not vain.  
Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
And I, and I, so plain.

Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
My suit she does not now repel ;  
Yet I have long keen envy felt  
Of beauty women love so well.  
Before my life was blessed by her,  
To dwell with me Love did not deign.  
Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
And I, and I, so plain.

Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
Her constant faith my soul endears ;  
Her wreath rests on my poor bald brow ;  
She does not mind my thirty years.  
O veil, that covers my sweet friend,  
Be lifted—now my love I gain.  
Heavens ! how beautiful she is !  
And I, and I, so plain.

## THE LITTLE FAIRY.

*LA PETITE FÉE.*

This is a fanciful ballad, carrying us delightfully into the world of the marvellous, the realm of the fairy Urgande, scarcely four fingers high, whose wand assured happiness to those whom she touched, and who travelled in a sapphire shell drawn by eight butterflies.

God-mother of a king, (a king unlike Louis XVIII.) it was she who named the ministers, "brave men, submissive to the law," who had no secrets from the people and did not abuse power; she appointed judges too, whom she inspired with justice and clemency. Peace reigned among the subjects of her royal god-son, and if an enemy attempted to invade the country he was forced to retire. Ah! what a happy time it was!—The critic of the government of the Restoration is apparent in the refrain:

"Ah! good fairy, tell us, pray,  
Where your magic wand is hidden!"

Reverse the ideas of the poem and you will have a picture of the state of affairs in 1817. The attack is covert, as if veiled, impalpable, but already powerful in its depth of meaning. However it is neither violent nor angry; not yet the war-like trumpet of the nightingale which the poet will sound later on, when he shall have lost patience; it is a soft and mysterious whistle, the mocking whistle of the black-bird, a singer unknown in America, incomparable whistler, that pours forth sweet melody, over the fields and hedges of France, in the evening twilight.



Children, once upon a time,  
Lived the sprite Urgande, a fairy  
Who in goodness was sublime,  
Though in stature small and airy.  
Of her wand a touch or two  
Gave felicity abiding ;  
Ah ! good fairy, tell us, true,  
Where your magic wand you're hiding !

For her steeds eight butterflies,  
Harnessed to a shell resplendent,  
Bore her on 'neath sunny skies,  
While the zephyrs flew attendant.  
Earth rejoiced beneath her sway,  
Fair the harvests 'round her waving ;  
Ah ! good fairy, tell us, pray,  
Where's the wand that we are craving !

Of a king she was "marraine,"  
And his ministers created ;—  
Loyal men, with records plain,  
Who no laws had violated ;  
From the fold the wolves they chased,  
Ne'er the timid sheep oppressing ;  
Ah ! good fairy, come in haste,  
Bring again your wand of blessing !

Judges, by this fairy taught,  
Served the king in his dominion,  
And, when Innocence besought,  
Gave a fair and just opinion.  
Even error on its knees,  
Found them tender and forgiving ;  
Ah ! good fay, bring times like these ;  
'Neath thy wand we'd fain be living !

That her god-son might be blessed,  
 She had touched his crown of splendor ;  
 All his people 'round him pressed,  
 Glad for him their life to render,—  
 Driving back with courage vast,  
 Enemies who came unbidden :  
 Ah ! good fairy, tell, at last,  
 Where your magic wand is hidden !

Urgande, fairy of our song,  
 In her crystal hall has vanished ;  
 In the West, affairs go wrong,  
 And from Asia, peace is banished.  
 Gentler fate is ours, to-day ;  
 Yet, although we *are* well treated,  
 Ah, good fairy, tell us, pray,  
 Where your magic wand's secreted !



## THE WANDERING JEW.

### LE JUIF-ERRANT.

“Many of my songs are only the inspiration of deep convictions ; these are my beloved daughters ; this is all I wish to say to the public in their favor.”

—BÉRANGER.

If the “Wandering Jew” is not the most beautiful of these “beloved daughters,” among which may be classed “Happiness,” “The Gypsies,” “The Smugglers,” and “The Old Vagabond,” it is certainly the most fascinating of all. Sweetly sad and dreamy, it is at the same time so divine and so human, full of JESUS and

His great law of love ! “ The inspiration of this beautiful ballad,” says Sainte-Beuve, “ is the perpetuity of the terrible course, the wild rage of the whirlwind : morality only comes into it in a diverted and secondary way ; we have not time to understand it.” We must take time to understand this high morality, and to read it over until all is comprehended. Here the great critic is in fault. The terrible course, the rage of the whirlwind, forms the fanciful, poetical or artistic portion of the ballad ; but the morality is the grand part, the inspiration of Béranger’s deep conviction, the power of charity, which he practised himself during his whole life, even in the midst of his poverty, with the most touching zeal, and which he teaches us to-day in the “ Wandering Jew.” This wretched man insulted JESUS bearing His Cross. For this reason he was condemned to wander over the earth until the end of the world, and already more than eighteen centuries have seen him continually hastening on, ever driven by the whirlwind. Is it because he has not recognized the divinity of the Crucified One, because he has not comprehended the profound dogmas and hidden mysteries of the new religion ? Theologians dispute over these mysteries, and inquisitors condemn to punishment and death, those who refuse to profess their faith. But the Crucified One is neither a theologian nor an inquisitor. HE came to establish a moral law, the law of love and charity : cursed be he who does not love his brother, nor sympathize with his sufferings ! The Jew insulted a Brother bowed down under the cross of suffering : that is his crime and for that his dreadful punishment :

“ Ce n’est point Sa divinité,  
C’est l’humanité que Dieu venge.”

Christian, to a weary traveller  
Give a cup of water cold ;<sup>1</sup>  
Haste thee, Friend ! I may not tarry,  
I'm the Wandering Jew of old,  
Whom a strange resistless Force  
Driveth on, in endless course.  
Not agèd,—yet with years oppressed,  
The Last Great Day my dream of rest,  
Each night I hope that on these eyes  
Another sun shall never rise :<sup>2</sup>

But every morn, upon my head  
The burning arrows beat,  
And ever turns the restless earth,  
Beneath my weary feet ;  
Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
Turning evermore !

For eighteen hundred years, alas !  
O'er fun'ral ashes of the great,  
And dust of ancient Greece and Rome,  
I've fled before my Fate !  
Into ruins, Empires vast  
Have crumbled, as I journeyed past ;  
Seeds of good have fruitless died,  
Evils have been multiplied ;<sup>3</sup>  
Two worlds have risen from the sea ;<sup>4</sup>  
And yet no rest has come to me :

But still the burning sun-rays beat  
Upon my hoary head,  
And ever turns the restless earth,  
Beneath my weary tread ;  
Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
Turning evermore.

God has changed my stony spirit,  
But the change seems made in wrath :  
Loving,—all my loved ones perish,  
Not a comrade cheers my path.

Now gladly, from my bounteous store,  
I succor all who help implore ;  
But only can I toss the gold  
Into the hand outstretched to hold,—  
That grateful hand I may not press,  
Nor stay to hear the wretched bless.<sup>5</sup>  
While ever, on my homeless head,  
The burning sun-rays beat,  
And ever turns the restless earth  
Beneath my weary feet ;  
Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
Turning evermore.

If, beside some flowing river,  
Overhung by flower and leaf,  
Down I lie, and hope its music  
May assuage my grief,—  
I start full soon with throbbing breast ;  
The Whirlwind, growling, breaks my rest.  
Ah ! why should Heaven angry be,  
At brief repose 'neath shady tree ?  
Only a long, Eternal Day  
Can rest me from this weary way :  
For still the burning noontide beats  
On my unsheltered head,  
And ever turns the restless earth  
Beneath my weary tread ;  
Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
Turning evermore.

When on children, bright and joyous,  
I am fain to feast my eyes,  
Seeing, in their lovely features,  
Pictures of my lost ones rise,—  
An angry Breath is on my cheek ;  
No word caressing may I speak.

Envy not my long career,  
 Ye whose age your loved ones cheer ;  
 These children, gay with laugh and song,—  
 My feet shall sweep their dust, ere long :  
     While ever, on my lonely head,  
     The burning sun-rays beat,  
 And ever turns the restless earth  
     Beneath my weary feet ;  
 Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
     Turning evermore.

On the plains of fair Judea,  
     Long ago I saw the light ;  
 Now that early home has vanished,  
     Vanished, too, the garden's site.  
 There if I pause, a Voice I hear :  
 " Pass on ! Pass on ! nor linger near !  
 Pass on ! for tread this earth thou must,  
 Till all things else have turned to dust.  
 Nor think in Death to find a rest  
 In tombs thy ancestors have blest ;  
 For there, no room is left for thee,  
 Should God in mercy set thee free." 6  
     No home ! no grave ! and still the sun  
     Is beating on my head,  
 And ever turns the restless earth,  
     Beneath my weary tread ;  
 Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
     Turning evermore.

Christian, I mocked with heartless mirth,  
     The Son of Man on that Dark Day  
 When He was bending 'neath His Cross :—  
     The Whirlwind comes ! I must away !  
 Oh, ye whose charity is small,  
 Let my strange fate your souls appal ;



God's wrath ordained my fearful lot,—  
 Divinity avenging not,  
 So much as want of sympathy  
 For sorrowing humanity : <sup>7</sup>  
 All human woe I mocked in One,  
 Man's Brother, yet JEHOVAH's Son.  
     Now, ever on my drooping head,  
     The burning sun-rays beat ;  
 And ever turns the restless earth,  
     Beneath my weary feet ;  
 Ever turning, turning, turning ;  
     Turning evermore !

1. Christian. In his thirst the "Wandering Jew" knocks at the Christian's door and addressès his whole discourse to him. Is it not fitting that he should prefer to seek assistance and pity from the disciple of Him, Who so loved His brethren that He was even willing to die for them ?

2. To what a fate is this man condemned who does not grow old, who longs for the end of the world, and whose only hope is, that the sun will not rise on the morrow.

3. Good, alas ! does not always bring forth good fruit and happiness, whilst evil springs up readily and produces miseries without end. It is like the wheat and the tares.

4. America and Oceanica.

5. How touching ! Heartless when he met the Crucified One, this man has become sensitive, good, and charitable, a true disciple of the One Whom he insulted. His soul is not lost ; after all his wanderings he will find rest and happiness in another life.

6. What wretchedness ! Forbidden to stop for even a

moment in the place of his birth, and there will be no room for him in the tomb of his ancestors.

7. Observe the morality expressed: "Christians, if you are only Christians in name, if you do not practise the great, evangelical law, the law of charity, of no importance are your dogmas, your prayers, and your belief; like me you will be punished."



## THE SHOOTING STARS.

*LES ÉTOILES QUI FILENT.*

1820.

"The desire for the rise of popular poetry, that is to say, poetry emanating from the ideas and feelings of the people, continually absorbed the thoughts of Béranger. He always believed that the more civilization progressed, so much the more would poetry find a refuge among the lower classes. For this reason, he for a long time adopted the pastoral style, in which he hoped to be true without baseness, and plain at least, if not ingenuous.

*The Shooting Stars*, this popular belief, was a subject he expected to treat as an idyl. The ballad finally transporting his thoughts beyond all other subjects with which he was engrossed, he sang about the stars, and this was not the only idyllic theme he thus made use of for the success of his new muse." (Note by Béranger.)

"Sayest thou, Shepherd, that a star  
Rules our days, and gems the skies?"<sup>1</sup>

"Yes, my child; but in her veil  
Night conceals it from our eyes."

“ Shepherd, of that azure height,  
Thou can’st read the secret, clear ;  
What is then that star so bright,  
Which flies, and flies, to disappear? ” 2

“ Child, a man has passed away,  
While amid a joyous throng ;  
His star sent forth its parting ray,  
Spite of wine-cup and of song.  
Happy, he has closed his eyes  
By the wine to him so dear. ”  
“ Yet another star that flies—  
That flies, and flies, to disappear ! ”

“ Child, how pure and beautiful !  
A gentle girl hath fled to Heaven ;  
Happy, and in love most true,  
To the tend’rest lover given ;  
Blossoms crown her maiden brow,  
Hymen’s altar is her bier. ”  
“ Yet another star that flies—  
That flies, and flies, to disappear ! ”

“ Child, the rapid star behold  
Of a great lord, newly born ;  
Lined with purple and with gold,  
Was the cradle whence he’s torn ;  
Soon the tide of flatteries  
Would have soiled his spirit clear. ”  
“ Yet another star that flies,—  
That flies, and flies, to disappear ! ”

“ Ah ! what lightning flash is that ?  
A favorite has found repose,  
Who thought himself supremely great,  
When his laughter mocked our woes.

They his portrait now despise,  
 Who once worshipped him in fear." <sup>3</sup>  
 " Yet another star that flies,—  
 That flies, and flies, to disappear ! "

" Son, what sorrow must be ours,—  
 A gen'rous patron's eyes are dim !  
 Indigence from others gleans,  
 But she harvested on him.  
 Even now, with tears and sighs,  
 The wretched to his roof draw near." <sup>4</sup>  
 " Yet another star that flies,—  
 That flies, and flies, to disappear ! "

" A mighty monarch's star is dark !  
 Boy ! preserve thy purity,  
 Nor let men thy star remark  
 For its size or brilliancy ;  
 Wert thou bright but to their eyes,  
 They would say, when Death is near :  
 It is but a star that flies,—  
 That flies, and flies, to disappear ! " <sup>5</sup>

1. Men have believed, and the credulous believe still, that the planets have an influence over our destiny, and that each of us has his star in the heavens, some a good, others, a bad one. This star rules our life and disappears with us.

2. It is supposed that the stars which fall from the sky are those small luminous bodies we see at night, passing through the air and vanishing almost immediately. They are called shooting, or falling stars. In the ballad, each star that falls represents a life ended.

3. Those who wait on the caprice of princes turn their backs as soon as their star has passed away. They hasten now to offer their homage to another, the rising sun.

4. Alas! why should the benefactor of mankind, the friend of the poor, die, when the unfortunate are still knocking at his door?

5. The last star is that of a monarch: it is nothing, says the poet, it is only a star that shoots through the air. The useful man alone deserves to be lamented.



## TIME.

## LE TEMPS.

This sweet, sad song reminds us of Lamartine's *chef-d'œuvre* "Le Lac," which also represents two lovers; but one only, the poet himself, stands again by "the dearly loved waters," where they were happy, and mournfully recalls the entreaties of his beloved:

*"Pause in thy flight, O Time! and ye propitious hours,  
Your rapid pinions stay!  
Oh, let us taste the swiftly fleeting joys  
Of Love's enchanted day!"*

*"Many unhappy hearts on earth, implore thine aid;  
Haste thou and seek their side;  
Shorten their days, O Time, and heal their woes;  
Far from the happy, glide!"*

*"Vainly I ask a few bright moments more;  
I cannot stay Time's flight;  
To moonlit nights I whisper, 'Linger yet;'  
But dawn dispels the night."*

*"Then let us love; love now; of this short hour,  
Enjoy the golden gleam!  
Man has no harbor, Time no bound'ry knows,  
But bears us down its stream!"*

Ling'ring near my loved one's side,  
I felt all a monarch's pride ;  
When, at sound of brazen chime,<sup>1</sup>  
Near us drew old Father Time.  
Plaintive as the turtle's cry,  
When the vulture draweth nigh,  
" Ah ! for pity," said my dove,  
" Spare, old man, oh, spare our love ! "

We, before his wrinkled brow,  
Lowered our eyes, unhappy now ;  
And beheld around his feet,  
Dust of ages, white as sleet,  
Seeing too, an opening flower,  
Drooping, dying, 'neath his power,<sup>2</sup>  
" Ah ! for pity," said my dove,  
" Spare, old man, oh, spare our love ! "

" I spare naught of human birth,  
I spare naught in heav'n or earth,"  
Answered he, in accents cold :  
" All men know me but as *old* ;  
That Past, which mortals love to praise,  
Amounts to but a few brief days."<sup>3</sup>  
" Ah ! for pity," said my dove,  
" Spare, old man, oh, spare our love ! "

" In the tomb of nations past,  
Mighty nations have I cast ;  
Shadows fill that fastness strong,  
You shall follow them ere long.  
I have hid in endless night,  
Stars extinguished in their flight."<sup>4</sup>  
" Ah ! for pity," said my dove,  
" Spare, old man, oh, spare our love ! "



“ Still your world, in my despite,  
 Finds some balm for sorrow’s blight ;  
 Nature’s fruitful tree is found,  
 Spreading branches fair around,  
 Where, amid the leafage green,  
 Fruit defies my sickle keen.”<sup>5</sup>

“ Ah ! for pity,” said my dove,  
 “ Spare, old man, oh, spare our love ! ”

He fled ; and fickle Joy was fain  
 To follow swiftly in his train ;  
 But seeing how we longed to live,  
 A sweet oblivion paused to give.<sup>6</sup>  
 Till rang the knell which seemed to say :  
 Your dreams of bliss must fade away ;  
 And then I cried, with my fair dove,  
 “ Spare, old man, oh, spare our love ! ”

1. The striking hour reminds us of Time passing away.

2. A life which Time has just destroyed.

3. The history of the world, whatever pinnacle it ascends, meets Time already grown old, having existed for so many centuries before our annals began.

4. These extinct stars may represent either great nations or famous men arrested by Time in the course of their life, or as veritable planets: there are some stars at such a distance, requiring so long a time to transmit their light, that at the moment when they are visible to us, they have been out of existence for centuries. Certain stars appear to us for the first time, more than two thousand years after the light has left their luminous centre, and many telescopic stars require ten thousand years to travel.

5. Time, here, is a cruel and pitiless divinity : he regrets that mortals find pleasures to charm away their sorrows, and that the tree of life continually bears new fruit. In vain he tears away, he kills : fruitful nature is inexhaustible, and will replace all those who die.

6. Our pleasures are fleeting, always ready to follow Time in its rapid course. Nevertheless they often help us to forget the inexorable pursuer ; but alas ! the hour comes which says : Mortals ! your dreams of happiness are passing away.



## HAPPINESS.

### *LE BONHEUR.*

Here is one of the poet's "beloved daughters," the expression of his deep convictions and of a mind that wanders in dream-land. Happiness is never where we are, but always "yonder, yonder," elsewhere, or in the future. We continually run after it, always hoping to find it, and our efforts are as varied as they are numerous. Failing in all our attempts, hoping still for tomorrow, we do not give up our pursuit until the time comes when, old and weary, we turn sadly to those younger than ourselves, saying : "Happiness is a myth, and Hope a deceitful goddess." But, thank Heaven ! the young will not believe in our experience, and will go through life like us, lulled and sustained, in the midst of human miseries, by the benignant and pleasing divinity. And if man believes in another life, Hope

will not abandon him even at the end of his career, but pointing heavenward, will say :

“Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
Yonder see her form of grace,”  
*Above, Above !*

“In order to find Happiness *above*, let us love one another here below.”

Yonder see her, on the slope,  
Yonder, yonder ! crieth Hope :  
Peasants, burghers, kings and priests,  
Do her rev'rence from afar ;  
That is Happiness, says Hope,  
Glowing like a golden star.  
Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace,  
Yonder shines her form of grace,  
Yonder, yonder ! <sup>1</sup>

Yonder, where the blossoms dwell,  
See her in the grassy dell ;  
She believes in endless charms,  
Love that lasteth evermore ;  
We are happy 'neath the shade,  
When young Cupid flies before.  
Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
Yonder shines her form of grace,  
Yonder, yonder ! <sup>2</sup>

See her yonder, smiling bland,  
Where the Farmer views his land.  
When amid the ripened sheaves,  
He hears his children shout with glee,  
And turns to kiss his comely wife,  
A proud and happy man is he :  
Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
Yonder shines her form of grace,  
Yonder, yonder !

Yonder see the lovely child,  
 Where the Banker's gold is piled !  
 Not a pleasure in the mart,  
     Need the rich himself deny ;  
 Happy he who owns a Bank,  
     Where the golden guineas lie !  
 Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
 Yonder shines her form of grace,  
     Yonder, yonder ! <sup>3</sup>

See her yonder, brave and gay,  
 Mingling in stern War's array !  
 'Mid the sound of trump and drum,  
     'Mid the fiercer sounds of strife,  
 Fame and glory oft are won ;  
     A soldier has a happy life !  
 Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
 Yonder shines her form of grace,  
     Yonder, yonder ! <sup>4</sup>

Yonder see her ! fearless, free,  
 On a ship she rides the sea !  
 Shines the rainbow overhead,  
     All the billows dance and smile,  
 And the happy sailors sing,  
     Floating tow'rd a summer isle.  
 Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
 Yonder shines her form of grace,  
     Yonder, yonder ! <sup>5</sup>

Yonder, yonder, she is seen,  
 In old Asia's land serene !  
 There to be a turbaned lord,  
     Prostrate servants all around,  
 Slightest word or sign obeyed,—  
     *There* must happiness be found.  
 Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
 Yonder shines her form of grace,  
     Yonder, yonder ! <sup>6</sup>

Nay ; but rather, see her there,  
 In America, the fair !  
 There simplicity abounds,  
     Pomp and form are laid aside ;  
 From the forest, from the plough,  
     Good men come, the State to guide.  
 Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
     Yonder shines her form of grace,  
     Yonder, yonder !

Yonder see her, blessèd sight,  
 Where the sky is calm and bright !  
 “ Ah,” says man with failing breath,  
     “ All these journeys are in vain ;  
 Children, look beyond the clouds,  
     There are joys that shall remain.”  
 Hasten, hasten ; quicken your pace ;  
 There she dwells in fadeless grace,  
     Yonder, yonder !<sup>7</sup>

1. Hope points all to something yonder at the horizon, an attractive, fascinating vision, and immediately every one bends forward, ready to rush toward the beautiful apparition : This is Happiness, says Hope, hasten, hasten ; and all, emulating one another, hurry on at full speed.

2. The first race : in pursuit of Love under the trees. But alas ! even love does not endure. This is a lost illusion. What does it matter if this happy fiction lasts only a moment ! Is there any other good thing in life, anything we regret in the last hour, looking back upon the past, and seeing here and there in the memory a few little flowers ? This poetry, these flowers of love are all we should like to find again and grasp to carry with us into another world.

3. A third voyage, and this time in search of riches. With gold one can procure all that is sold in the market. That seems a great deal, but is in reality so little! None of the best things are found there, neither health, ease of conscience, wit, good sense, courage, lofty thoughts, nor the love of men; nothing of that which assures to man the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," or the esteem of his fellow-men and the blessings of God.—Behold then a third illusion gone.

4. Ask great warriors if their ambition has ever been satisfied, and whether they do not all cry out in the end, with Lamartine, "*Glory is a chimera*."

5. Man's fifth undertaking is to travel, to cross the seas, to go from Europe to America, or from America to Europe. This pleasure lasts a very short time, and is only a pleasure, a distraction, not happiness. Once more an illusion that must be given up.

6. Asiatic luxury.

7. The introduction explains this last verse, the most beautiful and most touching of the ballad: it is like a weeping-willow over a tomb.



## RELENTLESS SPRING.

*MAUDIT PRINTEMPS.*

What a pleasing fancy is the delightful unfolding of the second verse of "Happiness," man's first journey in pursuit of love; "He believes in eternal attractions, even in love that endures forever:" he has faith in nothing besides, sees that only, and does not value anything else in the world. It alone beautifies everything, even the frosty days and storms of winter:

"Nothing is beautiful as snow!"

And Spring, with its birds, its flowers and its foliage?—  
If it carries away the loved one, if its leaves hide her  
from our sight, let it be detested!

I saw her from my window seat  
At hers, through all the winter day;  
Unknown, with love our pulses beat,  
Our kisses met, and crossed half way.  
Between the leafless linden trees  
The looks exchanged made glad our day.  
Now, leaves are swaying in the breeze,  
O cruel Spring! wilt thou come back alway?

The leafy dome now hides from me  
This angel fair, who first appeared  
When hoar-frost whitened all the lea;  
With food the hungry birds she cheered.  
They called her, and I grew to know  
Their cries my signal for the day.  
Nothing is beautiful as snow!  
O cruel Spring! wilt thou come back alway?

Wert thou not here, I still could pause  
To greet my love across the way,  
Fresh as Aurora when she draws  
The curtains from the rosy day;  
I still my evening watch could keep,  
And say : " I see my star's last ray,  
Her light is out, she is asleep."  
O cruel Spring ! wilt thou come back alway ?

I long for winter back again ;  
Ah ! dearly I should love to hear  
The sleet upon the window pane ;  
It were sweet music to my ear.  
O Spring ! what good to me thy reign,  
Thy flowers, breezes, lengthening day ?  
I ne'er shall see that smile again.  
O cruel Spring ! wilt thou come back alway ?



## LOUIS XI.

" One day, in the spring of 1827, as well as I can remember, Victor Hugo noticed in the Luxembourg garden, M. de Chateaubriand, at that time having retired from public affairs. The illustrious pedestrian was standing, attracted and apparently absorbed, before some children who were amusing themselves, by drawing faces on the gravel in one of the paths. Victor Hugo honored this silent contemplation, and occupied himself by imagining from a distance, all the comparisons which might suggest themselves to the tempestuous soul of René, between the vanity of past grandeur and these games of children in the dust. Returning home, he related to me what he had just seen, adding : " If I

were Béranger I would make a ballad out of that." In these few words Victor Hugo described in a wonderful way, without intending it, the little drama, the indispensable outline that Béranger gives life to: let 'Louis XI,' and 'The Storm,' be called to mind."

—SAINTE BEUVE.

This is true: imagine the poet at Plessis-lez-Tours, where the terrible king had retired with his minister Tristan, the perpetrator of his cruelties, on a holiday, when the happy villagers skip and dance to the sound of bag-pipes and songs; with his horror of despotism and love for the people, the poet will alone feel the ballad of "Louis XI." coming into his mind.

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
 Village maidens, village boys,  
 Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
 Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
 And the sackbut's merry noise !

Our agèd king, whose name we breathe in dread,<sup>1</sup>  
 Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,  
 Designs, in this fair prime of flow'rs, 'tis said,  
 To view our sports, and try if he can smile.

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
 Village maidens, village boys ;  
 Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
 Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
 And the sackbut's merry noise !

While laughter, love, and song are here abroad,  
 His jealous fears imprison Louis there ;  
 He dreads his peers, his people,—ay, his God ;  
 But more than all, the mention of his heir.<sup>2</sup>

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
Village maidens, village boys,  
Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
And the sackbut's merry noise !

Look there, a thousand lances gleam afar,  
In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring !  
And, 'midst the clang of bolts that grate and jar,  
Heard ye the warder's challenge sharply ring ?<sup>3</sup>

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
Village maidens, village boys,  
Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
And the sackbut's merry noise !

He comes ! he comes ! Alas ! this mighty king  
With envy well the hovel's peace may view ;  
See ! where he stands, a pale and spectral thing,<sup>4</sup>  
And glares askance the serried halberts through !

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
Village maidens, village boys,  
Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
And the sackbut's merry noise !

Beside our cottage hearths, how bright and grand  
Were all our visions of a monarch's air !  
What ! is his sceptre but that trembling hand ?  
Is that his crown,—a forehead seamed by care ?

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
Village maidens, village boys,  
Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
And the sackbut's merry noise !

In vain we sing ; at yonder distant chime,  
 Shivering, he starts !—'twas but the village bell ;  
 But evermore the sound that notes the time,  
 Seems to his ear an omen of his knell !

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
 Village maidens, village boys,  
 Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
 Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
 And the sackbut's merry noise !

Alas ! our joys some dark distrust inspire !  
 He flies, attended by his chosen slave ;  
 Beware his hate, and say, " Our gracious Sire,  
 A loving smile to greet his children, gave." <sup>5</sup>

Welcome, sport that sweetens labor !  
 Village maidens, village boys,  
 Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,  
 Dance we, singing to the tabour,  
 And the sackbut's merry noise !

1. They were so much afraid of this cruel king, they did not dare speak of him aloud.

2. His heir, however, was only thirteen years old when he died ; but he had himself revolted against his father, King Charles VII. A bad son, he feared his own son would some day resemble him.

3. The tyrant shut himself up in his castle of Plessis-lez-Tours, as if in a cage. He had placed all around his castle, says Philippe de Comines, large bars of iron in the form of heavy gratings, and had stationed in the moats ten archers to draw upon those who approached before the gate was opened. It did not open until eight o'clock, and no one entered except by the wicket.

4. At the age of fifty-seven he was very pale and sickly, says Michelet.

5. For fear of making him angry it was necessary to call him good and merry, when he was wicked and gloomy. In the same sense the Greeks called the Furies good goddesses, *Eumenides*.



## THE STORM.

### L'ORAGE.

Political and social storms do not affect happy and innocent childhood. They sing while we struggle and weep.

Dance, dear children, dance !  
 Your youth defies the storm ;  
 Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
 Dance, children ; sing and dance !

Down the long green alleys flying,  
 From your school and lessons free,  
 Little maids and laughing urchins,  
 Dance and sing ye merrily.  
 In vain this trembling world  
 Dreads dark, unhappy hours ;  
 In vain the thunder rolls, while ye  
 Are weaving crowns of flow'rs,

Dance, dear children, dance !  
 Your youth defies the storm ;  
 Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
 Dance, children ; sing and dance !



Through the clouds the lightning flashes,  
But it hinders not your play ;  
Birds are silent in the forest,  
Yet ye chant your happy lay.<sup>1</sup>  
Your joy my faith renews  
In future skies serene,<sup>2</sup>  
Whose azure, in your lustrous eyes,  
Reflected shall be seen.

Dance, dear children, dance !  
Your youth defies the storm ;  
Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
Dance, children ; sing and dance !

Many troubles had your fathers ;  
—Trust ye not a traitor-band !—  
With one hand they broke their fetters,  
And with one avenged their land.  
Without disgrace they fall  
War's chariot beneath,  
And die content, because to you  
Their glory they bequeath.<sup>3</sup>

Dance, dear children, dance !  
Your youth defies the storm ;  
Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
Dance, children ; sing and dance !

Midst the noise of wild alarms,  
First your eyes beheld the light ;  
When our foes with shrilling trumpets,  
Brought reverses to our sight.<sup>4</sup>  
'Mid the crash of weapons,  
In homes with ruins piled,  
While our sad tears were falling fast,  
You innocently smiled.

Dance, dear children, dance !  
 Your youth defies the storm ;  
 Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
 Dance, children ; sing and dance !

You will triumph for the tempests  
 Where our courage rushed to death :  
 O'er our heads, the storm-cloud, bursting,  
 Cleared our sight with fiery breath.<sup>5</sup>  
 Though God, Who loves you well,  
 To punish us thought right,  
 His hand may yet, around your path,  
 Sow harvests rich and bright.

Dance, dear children, dance !  
 Your youth defies the storm ;  
 Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
 Dance, children ; sing and dance !

Children, see ! the storm, increasing,  
 Seems a sign of fateful wrath ;  
 You shrink not ; but age is timid,  
 Fears each blast around its path.  
 If I, ere long, must fall,  
 Singing these woes of ours,  
 Oh, scatter o'er my lowly tomb,  
 Your coronets of flow'rs.<sup>6</sup>

Dance, dear children, dance !  
 Your youth defies the storm ;  
 Upheld by Hope's bright form,  
 Dance, children ; sing and dance !

1. They have not noticed the lightning which causes uneasiness to man and even birds.

2. Observing merry children, we smile for a moment

in spite of our fears and sorrows, and are almost led to believe in a purer heaven and a better future.

3. Your fathers have suffered through the Revolution and the Empire: their hopes of liberty and power have been betrayed. However, they have broken their chains in the Revolution, and avenged their country under the Empire. They bequeath to you glory, their only happiness.

4. These children were born in terrible times, when barbarians, English, Prussians, Russians and Austrians, ravaged the land of the people called "the great nation" by the glorious hero vanquished at Waterloo.

5. This is true: when the thunder-bolt fell, they understood that it would not do to deliver up to a single man the destinies of a nation. For having done so, France was punished.

6. How touching are these words of him who of all writers, loved his country best, praised her triumphs most highly, and suffered the most at seeing her unhappy.

## THE OLD SERGEANT.

*LE VIEUX SERGENT.*

1823.

“The Old Sergeant,” and four or five of the ballads that will follow, “The Old Flag,” “The Memories of the People,” “The Fifth of May,” “The Swallows,” and “The Exile,” are the great patriotic and liberal songs of the national poet. The feeling that inspires and suggested them is altogether love of country ; hatred of the foreign invader who made war against the French Revolution ; love of this Revolution, which proclaimed the rights of man and the suppression of social classes ; love, too, great and deep, faithful even to the tomb, for the great Emperor, the soldier crowned by the Revolution ; and finally, love of the tricolored flag, that flag taken all over Europe during the Revolution and under the Empire, carrying with it everywhere liberal and noble ideas of liberty, equality and the brotherhood of men ; and consequently contempt for the Bourbons and their white flag, brought back to France by enemies of the country, in 1814 and 1815, after days of glory.

The following words of Sainte Beuve, and especially those of Béranger, will serve as an introduction to this series of ballads : “Béranger had by nature a patriotic soul, that is not acquired ; he entered into certain griefs and joys exactly as the people did, and in a way never felt by many intelligent persons who have commended him ; hence the deep and lasting sympathy between the people and himself, although his writings had that refinement of talent which is not absolutely necessary in popular works. The invasion of 1814 and 1815, the fall

of the great Empire, the degradation of brave men and the insolent triumph of those without capacity, Myrmidons strutting on the chariot of Achilles, were for him sources of sorrow, indignation, and derision, motives for revengeful retaliation. No one understood better than he, how the genius of Napoleon was at a certain time blended with that of France; how national pride and pride of the hero were one, how their defeat was the same; no one foresaw better how the awakening and day of reparation for the glory of both, that of France and of the Napoleonic name, were united and bound together, and formed naturally only one cause."

Relating the feelings of his childhood, Béranger says:—"Dread of the foreigner increased upon me daily. And with what joy did I hear the victories of the Republic proclaimed! When guns were fired to announce the retaking of Toulon, I was on the rampart, and at each shot my heart beat so violently, I was obliged to sit down on the grass to regain breath. At the present day, when patriotism slumbers among us, these emotions of a child must appear strange. It will cause no less surprise, if I say that at the age of sixty, I preserve this patriotic enthusiasm, and I need all my love of humanity, and my reason enlightened by experience, to prevent me from hurling at rival nations the same maledictions my youth heaped upon them."

And farther on he recurs to his patriotism and his hatred for the enemies of France:—"Speaking of my early life, I said, my patriotism had still, in spite of my sixty years, all the warmth of youth. I have heard heads of philosophical schools, rich bankers or merchants, politicians of the drawing-room, preach absolute cosmopolitanism. Far from blaming the feeling with

which they profess to be animated, I share it ; but they are mistaken in the time. When a nation has taken the first steps toward establishing a principle, and above all, the democratic principle, and when it has the geographical position we occupy, even should it hope to obtain the sympathy of enlightened men among all its neighbors, it has, as open or secret enemies, other governments, particularly those ruled over by a powerful aristocracy. For such enemies, the end justifies the means. Woe to this nation then, if it sees love, which is its right and greatest force, die out ! Its sons must rally around the flag in support of the principle it is authorized to carry out for the benefit of other nations. Only when these shall have gained equal rights we should silence all selfish rivalry, and the antipathies we have inherited. What ! Frenchmen, shall we not cherish, for the sake of a noble cause, which has already cost us so much blood, a patriotism that the English urge to insolence and cruelty, for the profit to be made upon tea, indigo and cotton ! ”

Beside his daughter's spinning-wheel,  
The Sergeant soothes his sorrows deep,  
By rocking, with his ball-marked hand,  
Twin grandsons, in their quiet sleep ;  
And sitting at the cottage door,  
Sole refuge for his failing breath,  
He says at times : “ Birth is not all ;  
God grant you, boys, a noble death ! ”<sup>1</sup>

But hark ! he hears the beating drums,  
He sees the soldiers pass afar :  
The blood mounts to his silver hair ;  
Like battle-steed he scents the war.



Alas ! full soon, with saddened tone,  
“ I do not know that flag,” he saith ; <sup>2</sup>  
“ If ever you avenge your land,  
God grant you, boys, a noble death ! ”

“ Who will restore,” the brave man cries,  
“ For victories along the Rhine,  
Those peasants, the Republic’s sons,  
Who held for her the frontier line ?  
Bare-footed, hungry, deaf to fear,  
They rushed to Glory, one and all. <sup>3</sup>  
The Rhine shall temper our dull swords :  
God grant you on the field to fall !

“ How brightly shone, ’mid battle smoke  
The blue coats dear to Victory ! <sup>4</sup>  
While broken sceptres, shattered chains,  
Flew from the guns of Liberty.  
The nations fair, made queens by us,  
Wreathed ev’ry brow with lovely flow’rs,  
How happy those who perished then !  
God grant you joy in your last hours !

“ Such courage was too soon obscured ;  
Our chiefs, for titles, left the ranks ;—  
Their lips, still with the cartridge black,  
For tyrants bent to Flattery’s blanks.  
Then Liberty laid down her sword :  
The new-made lords served each in turn ; <sup>5</sup>  
We wept above our fallen Fame. <sup>6</sup>  
A traitor’s death, boys, may you spurn ! ”

His daughter then, to still his plaint,  
With muffled voice, while spinning, sings  
Those songs proscribed, whose trumpet tones  
With sudden start have wakened kings.

“ Oh, People, rouse ye at these songs ;  
    ’Tis time ! ” he cries, below his breath ;  
Then murmurs to the sleeping babes :  
    “ God grant you, boys, a noble death ! ”

1. Death on the battle-field is the most glorious death for a soldier. To live on after defeat and disasters, under other rulers and another flag, is worse than death.

3 It is no longer the dear tricolored flag ; alas ! it is the white flag.

3. These peasants, “ bare-footed, without bread,” caused all Europe to tremble and draw back. Listen to this page of Louis Blanc, taken from his great work, “ History of the French Revolution : ” “ This presents the whole situation : the soldiers having scarcely anything to eat, and wearing shoes with pasteboard soles ; the hospitals filled with the sick without medicines ; horses fed with swamp reeds instead of hay, perishing by thousands, and strewing the roads with their dead bodies ; the dearth of forage so excessive, that in certain places they were obliged to hunt under the snow, laboriously swept, for some miserable blades of grass, and more than once dragoons were seen, with tears in their eyes, sharing their bread with their horses. Why was it that in this state of unheard of distress, France frightened her enemies to such a degree, they did not dare traverse the distance of twelve or fifteen steps, which separated them from the cradle of the Revolution ? What invisible hand held them back, as if chained to the frontier ? Ah ! it cannot be doubted that what arrested them was less the raised arm of France, than the mysterious power of her convictions. She had brought into the world something new and profound,

that it was impossible for them to approach without turning pale. They felt trembling and burning under their feet this soil, forever sacred, which had brought forth so many men to the new life. Their hesitation was that of fright, and, unknown to themselves, of respect."

4. The blue coats of the soldiers of the Republic.

5. The Emperor himself created nobles; this was unfortunate, for they afterward became courtiers, and passed from one court to another, flattering Louis XVIII. after Napoleon. Béranger did not esteem the nobility of the Empire:—"Several great lords of Imperial make, poor moons extinguished since the fall of the sun, looked surly; they only needed a little favor to make them insolent. Some of them thrust themselves upon the Faubourg Saint Germain, to have their new titles ratified by the old nobility. The unfaithfulness of these new-made nobles to their plebeian origin has rendered me less tolerant toward them, than toward those who owed their prejudices to the old blood and education."

6. If the glory of France had been unbounded, the reverses of 1814 and 1815 were almost as great, and many bitter tears were shed.

## THE OLD FLAG.

*LE VIEUX DRAPEAU.*

The Bourbons had carried the white flag. In 1789, after the taking of the Bastille, it was replaced by the tricolored flag, composed of the three national colors, white, blue, and red. This is the glorious standard of the Republic and of the Empire. At the Restoration the Bourbons again adopted the white flag. The tricolored flag came back in 1830 with Louis Philippe, and is still at the present day the banner of France. The old soldier of Napoleon preserves this flag in his cottage. He protests against that of the Bourbons, and longs for the happy moment when he shall be able to unfurl the noble flag of his Emperor.

(See also the introduction to the preceding ballad.)

With my few trusty comrades in glory of yore,  
 I see me surrounded in fancy once more ;  
 Our proud recollections 'tis vain to control,  
 The wine renders back all their glow to my soul :  
 Our high deeds in arms from the starry past leap ;  
 Our old Flag, in my poor ruined cottage, I keep :  
 Ah ! when from its colors of pride shall I shake  
 The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake !

'Neath my pallet of straw I have hid it away,  
 Where, poor, maimed, and weary, my old head I lay ;  
 Have hid the old Flag, which, to Victory true,  
 From battle to battle for twenty years flew ;  
 O'er Europe's wide kingdoms unrivalled it shone,  
 Encircled with laurels and flow'rs all its own.  
 Ah ! when from its colors of pride shall I shake  
 The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake !

This banner repaid to our war-battered host,  
And to France, glory-crowned, all the blood that it cost ;<sup>1</sup>  
Our sons with its lance,<sup>2</sup> upon Liberty's breast  
Sported free, and its ne'er beaten Eagle caressed :  
Let it prove to the tyrants who crush us with wrongs,  
How much of true fame to the people belongs.<sup>3</sup>  
Ah ! when from its colors of pride shall I shake  
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake !

All low in the dust its bold Eagle now bleeds,  
Fatigued with its flight, and its world-renowned deeds ;  
The old Gallic cock to this flag may bestow  
The thunder he also can hurl on the foe :<sup>4</sup>  
Forgetting her sorrows, France, glorious, free,  
Shall pour forth her blessings again upon thee.  
Ah ! when from its colors of pride shall I shake  
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake !

Now, weary with Vict'ry, no longer to roam,  
The support of the Law it becomes, in our home.  
Each soldier, I ween, on the Loire's verdant banks  
Was a citizen free ; to our flag be the thanks :  
Our sorrow it only can hide from the world ;  
To the wild frontier-winds let its folds be unfurled.<sup>5</sup>  
Ah ! when from its colors of pride shall I shake  
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake !

There it stands near my arms in its beauty and pride ;  
To gaze on it now, save by stealth, is denied.  
Oh, come, my old Flag ! my fond hope for long years,  
It is thou, thou alone, that must banish my tears ;  
High heaven will lend a kind ear to the pray'r  
Of a soldier who weeps ;—then I need not despair.  
Ah, yes ! from its colors of pride I shall shake  
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake !

1. Yes, it paid. Glory is equal to gold in the eyes of  
a great nation. For this reason foreigners were wrong

to blame the French in 1870, for not surrendering to the invaders after the battle of Sedan. A nation that carries a glorious flag has no right to lay down arms as long as it can fight: glory, as well as "noblesse, oblige."

2. Lance. The flag-staff.

3. In old France the armies were commanded by sons of the nobility. The Republic and the Empire did not grant this privilege to birth. All Frenchmen were considered equal, and fame could be plebeian. The highest places and honors to the bravest! They alone were received in the Emperor's guard. "The Imperial guard," says General Lamarque, "was not like that of other sovereigns, a body destined only to watch over the person of the monarch, and taken from the nobility, but a formidable army. Recruited from the bravest and most irreproachable, it became the aim of all effort, the reward of the noblest deeds. Its memory is immortal; it will last as long as courage and devotion are valued by men."

4. The *fleurs de lis* served as the arms of France until the Revolution. In 1792 they adopted the Gallic cock, symbol of courage and vigilance.

Bonaparte having become Emperor, he replaced the cock by the eagle, and scattered bees on the Imperial mantle. The Restoration again adopted the *fleurs de lis*.

5. The old soldier does not want the *fleurs de lis*, representing inequality, privileges of birth, and caprice of power. Give us, he says, if not the eagle, at least the Gallic cock, which will sanction the equality of citizens, and make the constitution and laws respected. It must also be displayed on the frontiers of France to command respect from her neighbors.



## THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF NATIONS.

*LA SAINTE ALLIANCE DES PEUPLES.*

1818.

“ When the foreign troops evacuated the French soil, the old and respected Duke, de la Rochefoucauld begged Béranger to write a song to celebrate their departure, at a fête to be given on this occasion, at the Castle of Liancourt. Notwithstanding the Duke’s entreaties, the author promised nothing, feeling uncertain how this subject would inspire him. However, he bore it in mind, and, the song at length being finished, he sent it to the Duke, not wishing to be present at the fête; Béranger nearly always making it a rule not to associate with great lords, of whatever régime they might be, from no mistaken pride or unfriendliness to them, but from a very decided taste for a simple and homely way of living. The song was successful, and the *Minerve* published it; but, without the name of M. de la Rochefoucauld, perhaps this publication would have presented some danger.” (NOTE BY BÉRANGER.)

It was, in fact, very bold and altogether revolutionary: it called upon the nations to form among themselves the Holy Alliance of the people, in opposition to the Holy Alliance of Kings.

The ballad presents two contrasting pictures: that of misery and calamities caused by the ambition of kings; and that of happiness, which will reign on the earth when nations shall unite in peace and liberty. What a happy future, when Germany, for instance, republican, humane, free and just, will no longer compel Europe to hold in readiness ten millions of men under arms, because Alsace and Lorraine are in bondage.

I saw the descending of Peace from afar ;  
Flowers, corn-blades and gold in her pathway arose ;  
The air was serene, and the thunders of War  
Were quenched at her feet, in a harmless repose ;  
And she said, " Noble equals in prowess, advance !  
Men of England, Spain, Germany, Muscovy, France !  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance !

" Ye are worn by ages of hate and distrust ;  
Your rest is a nightmare where sleep is undone ;  
Apportion your globe in a spirit more just,—  
Let each have his place in the light of the sun.  
To the car of Ambition all harnessed, ye stray  
From the true road of Happiness, blindly away.  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance !

" On your neighbors ye burst with the torch and the brand,  
And the storms bear your roofs in a blaze to the skies :  
When Earth has grown cold, in the war-wasted hand  
The plough pauses idly, and rusts where it lies.  
Near the bourne whence all states have gone forward, we  
find  
No corn-blade sustained by the blood of mankind.  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance !

" 'Mid the blaze of your cities the potentates proud,  
With the point of their insolent sceptres, will dare  
To mark and count over the popular crowd,  
By some blood-spilling triumph, accorded them there.  
Poor flock, still exposed to the tyrannous stroke,  
From the heavy, ye pass to the merciless yoke.  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance !

“ Nor broken in vain be the torch and the sword,  
Let Justice bear sway in the lands of your birth :  
No more let your life-blood be uselessly poured  
For the kings that requite not, and victors of earth.  
Denounce the false glare of the comets that start  
To scare us to-day, and to-morrow depart.  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance !

“ Oh, yet let the nations in freedom respire ;  
Cast a veil o’er the past,—let its history cease.  
Sow the seed in your fields to the sound of the lyre ;  
Burn the incense of Art round the altar of Peace.  
And Hope, lapped in plenty, will smile to behold  
The young race that rises, succeeding the old.  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance ! ”

Thus sung sweetest Peace ; and the words that she sung  
Were pronounced after her, by our governing powers ;  
As though in her spring-time, all Nature looked young,  
And hearts again woke to see Autumn in flowers.  
Let the wine-cup, my country, flow freely to-day,  
For the bands of the strangers are marching away.  
—Oh, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,  
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance !

THE MYRMIDONS, OR THE OBSEQUIES OF  
ACHILLES.

LES MIRMIDONS.

DECEMBER, 1819.

What contempt in these verses, and how severely the poet censures those who bring discredit upon France! Achilles, that is to say Napoleon, has fallen; his cowardly myrmidons now dare approach and bravely dance upon his tomb (Saint Helena was already a tomb for the emperor): theirs is the bravery of an ass, of the ass that kicked the old, sick lion. While the hero was living and victorious, they cringed before him; now they rejoice over his misfortunes and kindle bonfires; they who submitted, without blushing, to the kicks of the master, dare maltreat the glorious soldiers of France! Too weak to carry the Emperor's sceptre, they have only taken his whip:

*Trottez, peuples, trottez donc !*

Nevertheless they tremble in presence of the foreigner :

*Ne parlons plus de patrie ;*

*L'on nous écoute au congrès !*

And they tremble lest the great man should rise out of the ocean :

*Grands dieux ! C'est l'ombre d'Achille !*

*Eh ! non ; ce n'est qu'un enfant.*

In France satire is as fatal as the sword. This weapon, in the poet's hands, roused the nation, and did more to ruin the Bourbon monarchy than all the political dissertations.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !

Command at last : O Myrmidons !

Immortal Jove resigns his place

To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.<sup>1</sup>

Seeing Achilles meet his doom,  
His Myrmidons break ranks and say :  
Now let us dance upon his tomb ;  
Pigmies may giants be to-day.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

On bounty of Achilles hung  
Our cringing souls while waxing fat :  
He falls ! let joyful bells be rung ;  
Illuminate the towns thereat.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

Now in the army and the fleet  
On rank and file will be returned,  
The kicks and cuffs in measure meet,  
With which Achilles us has spurned.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

As in " Miron-ton Miron-taine," <sup>2</sup>  
The hero's sword in glory bear ;  
With graveyard Ghouls in ghostly vein,  
'Twill serve the urchins' hearts to scare.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

His uniform, a noble prize,  
The bullets spared midst battle heat ;  
For some ten kings about our size,  
'Twould surely make ten coats complete.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

His sceptre, now on us conferred,  
We find too heavy and too long ;  
Our purpose makes his whip preferred :  
“ Then run, ye people, run along ! ”

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

Now Nestor all in vain may cry :  
“ The enemy has progress made ! ”  
No longer for our country sigh ;  
Let listening Congress be obeyed.<sup>3</sup>

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
Immortal Jove resigns his place  
To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.



Forcing the laws to silent be,  
 We govern now, free from alarm,  
 And measurement of earth decree  
 According to our length of arm.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
 Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
 Immortal Jove resigns his place  
 To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

Achilles had poetic fire,  
 But we his memory will efface ;  
 Should he an epic work inspire,<sup>4</sup>  
 The world of song shall be our place.

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
 Command at last : O Myrmidons !  
 Immortal Jove resigns his place  
 To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

Our servile souls make us afraid,  
 Howe'er we seek to be beguiled.  
 Great Gods ! It is Achilles' shade !  
 Ah ! no ; 'tis but a little child.<sup>5</sup>

O Myrmidons ! O Fruitful race !  
 Command at last ; O Myrmidons !  
 Immortal Jove resigns his place  
 To Myrmidons, to Myrmidons.

1. Myrmidons. These were the soldiers of Achilles. Figuratively speaking, this word signifies a man of small stature, implying derision, as in this ballad. What myrmidons were Louis XVIII. and his world, compared with Napoleon and his brave men !

2. Mironton Mirontaine. Refrain for a song. This refers to Wellington, to whom they had given Napoleon's sword. In another hand than that of the Emperor, it was only useful to frighten puppets.

3. This verse recalls the threat so often made to the liberals, the friends of liberty, by the ministers of Louis XVIII.: "Take care, Congress listens." This congress of Aix la-Chapelle, formed by Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England, had stipulated that the four powers should act in concert to suppress every new Revolution in France.

4. Even art could not express the magnitude of Napoleon's achievements: "We talked very cheerfully," says Eckermann, "the conversation continuing to be about Napoleon; and young Goethe said: "I should like to have all his exploits reproduced in paintings or good engravings, and I would adorn a spacious drawing-room with them." "That would be grand indeed," replied Goethe, "but while the deeds are exceedingly great, the pictures would fall far below."

5. Allusion to the Emperor Napoleon's son, who for a long time was a bugbear to the Bourbons.

## THE MEMORIES OF THE PEOPLE.

*LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.*

1828.

This ballad, the most popular and the most admired of the political ballads, must needs be one of those which have best entitled the poet to the eulogy of the great poet of Germany. His opinion is the most suitable introduction for *The Memories of the People*: "Béranger in his songs has shown himself the benefactor of his nation. After the invasion of the allies, the French found in him the best interpreter of their stifled feelings. He recalled to them, by a thousand remembrances, what the glory of their arms had been under that Emperor, whose memory still lives in every cottage, and whose great qualities the poet loved, without, however, desiring a continuance of his tyrannical government."

And elsewhere Goethe says again to Eckerman: "I am not, generally, a friend to political poetry, but poetry like that of Béranger always pleases me. In his writings nothing is conceived extravagantly, there are no fancied or imaginary feelings, he does not aim at empty words; on the contrary, he always deals with important and very clear ideas. His affectionate admiration for Napoleon; his recollections of the great military exploits which took place under his reign, recollections brought up at a time when they were a consolation for the French, then somewhat oppressed; his hatred of the power of the priests and of the darkness which threatened to come back with the Jesuits; to all these ideas one cannot refuse to give entire approbation. And what a masterly manner of treating every subject! How he has turned and rounded it before writing it!

And when all is matured, what brilliant passages, what wit, irony, bantering, and heartiness, too, what ingenuousness and grace does he not display at every step! Every year his ballads have delighted millions; they are quite within the reach of the working class, entirely raising it above the average in such a way, that people having intercourse with such elevated minds are compelled to form the habit of thinking better and more nobly. What more can be desired? What better praise can a poet have?"

The peasants of France constantly sought the old women to listen to the recital of the great story, and *The Memories of the People* was sung by them with emotion and love, until the time when the Second Napoleon came to dishonor the First, and humiliate the nation which he had rendered so proud of his Imperial Eagle.

The people will cherish his glory  
 Within each lowly home,  
 'Twill be their fav'rite story  
 For fifty years to come;  
 In the grandam's cot they'll gather,  
 And say, as the fagots blaze,  
 "Shorten our watch to-night, Mother,  
 With tales of the olden days.  
 Tell of the Emperor! 'tis true,  
 He suff'ring brought on us, on you,—  
 But him we still revere;  
 Tell us of him to-night, Mother,  
 Tell of the one so dear!"

"Through our village once, my children,  
 Followed by Kings, he came,  
 When I was but a youthful bride,  
 And not a wrinkled dame;

And as on foot he climbed the hill  
Which I had reached before,  
I saw him well ; a little hat  
And coat of gray, he wore.  
I felt abashed as he drew near,  
But he said to me, ' Good-day, my dear,'  
He said to me, ' Good-day ! ' ”  
“ He spoke to you on his way, Gran'mother,  
He spoke to you on his way ! ” <sup>1</sup>

“ After a year, in Paris, I,—  
On simple errand bent,—  
Saw him again with all his court ;  
To Notre-Dame he went.  
Each heart was beating high with pride  
To see his splendid train ;  
The skies were bright with golden light,  
As if to bless his reign.  
He kindly smiled on every one,  
For God had given him a son,  
Had blessed him with a boy ! ”  
“ What a glad day for you, Gran'mother,  
Oh, what a day of joy ! ” <sup>2</sup>

“ When poor Champagne, that leafy land,  
By strangers was o'erswept,<sup>3</sup>  
Braving all perils, he alone  
At bay the foemen kept.  
One evening, as it were to-night,  
A knock came at my door ;  
I opened it, and lo ! 'twas he,  
Followed by half a score ;  
He came in with a drooping head,  
' Oh, what a weary war ! ' he said,  
And sank into this chair. ”  
“ He was sitting there, Gran'mother ? ”  
“ And he was sitting there ! ”

“ ‘ I’m hungry,’ said he ; quick I ran  
     To get some bread and wine ;  
 And then he dried his clothing wet,  
     Before this fire of mine.  
 At last, refreshed, he fell asleep ;  
     But waking saw my tears,  
 And said, ‘ Cheer up, my friend, I soon  
     Shall save France from her fears.’ <sup>4</sup>  
 He went away ; I dried my eyes,  
 And kept his wine-glass as a prize ;  
     Upon the shelf ’tis set.”  
 “ You have it still, Gran’mother dear,  
     You have his wine-glass yet ? ”

“ Yes, here it is ! But he, the brave,  
     Went to his fall, the while ;  
 He, whom a Pope had crowned in France,  
     Died in a desert isle.<sup>5</sup>  
 For years we thought the rumor false,  
     We said : He will return ;  
 He’ll cross the sea again ; his foes  
     Their master’s pow’r shall learn.  
 But when we knew that he was dead,  
 My heart could not be comforted,  
     So bitter was my grief ! ”  
 “ The dear GOD bless you, Gran’mother,  
     And send you sweet relief.”

1. Is the grandmother the old peasant whom the poet met at Compiègne ? “ Proceeding to Compiègne, which the Emperor and his court had just left,—it was, I believe, in 1808,—I met on the road an old country-woman who, with a joyful face, approached me and exclaimed, ‘ Ah ! sir, I have seen him at last ! ’ ‘ Who ? ’ I said to her, pretending not to guess. ‘ The Emperor ! the Emperor ! ’ she replied. ‘ He bowed to me ; he



bows to every one. He is not like those lords who are about him. One can plainly see that they are only *parvenus*.' The poor woman did not recognize a *parvenu* in the man whom fame had raised so high."

2. What a fortunate day for the grandmother, who loved her Emperor like a son and like a god! Napoleon was happy, and the whole nation was contented, for France was at the climax of her glory, when Heaven appeared willing to assure the future by giving a son to the master of Europe. The prince was born of Marie Louise of Austria, March 20, 1811. One hundred and one cannon shots announced his birth, and the Emperor, transported with joy, exclaimed to the multitude which thronged his apartments, "This is a king of Rome!" The city of Paris proffered to the child a cradle of silver-gilt. When the reverses of the Empire came in 1814, Napoleon II. set out for Austria, and never saw his father again. He died at Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832.

3. In 1814, the Empire was invaded at every point by Europe, leagued together against the hero. Two of their armies, those of Schwarzenberg and Blücher, penetrated Champagne. "Deprived of the support of the people, who no longer followed him," says Mignet, "Napoleon stood alone against the whole world, with a handful of old soldiers and his genius, which had lost none of its daring and vigor. It is beautiful to see him at this moment, with new victories preserving, step by step, the soil of the country, as well as his empire and his reputation." He marched into Champagne against the two great armies, and defeated them one after another. His combinations were so strong and his success so wonderful, it was hoped that he was going to destroy

the coalition ; but alas ! enemies multiplied and they dared advance upon Paris.

4. He hastened to Paris with fifty thousand men, April 1, 1814, ready again to do wonders, when he learned that they had capitulated the day before, that the Senate had been false to him, and had proclaimed his forfeiture of the crown. He abdicated April 11, 1814, and departed for the island of Elba some days later.

5. At St. Helena, May 5, 1821. The coffin was brought back to France under the administration of M. Thiers, by the Prince de Joinville, son of King Louis Philippe, November 29, 1840. "From Cherbourg to Paris it was a continuous triumph. The remains of Napoleon again took possession of France, over which his spirit had never ceased to reign." Since 1833 they had replaced his bronze statue on the top of the column of Austerlitz. Finally, on the twenty-fourth of August, 1855, the queen of the most resolute enemies of the Empire, Victoria, went to pray under the dome of Les Invalides, at the tomb of Napoleon, for the pardon and peace of nations.

## VERSES ON THE DAY OF WATERLOO.

## COUPLETS SUR LA JOURNÉE DE WATERLOO.

Waterloo is a word that is held in the greatest abhorrence in France, and we can understand how Béranger could refuse the request of the old soldiers, to sing "That last day of glory and misfortune," and replied, "his wet eyelids lowered,"

*"Son nom jamais n'attristera mes vers."*

Athens, too, the abode of highly-gifted men, the beloved city of Cecrops, little France of pagan times, had her Waterloo, the day of Chæronea, when the Macedonian barbarians, led by Philip and his son Alexander, vanquished her valiant soldiers and deprived her of her royalty in the Hellenic world. But none of her poets blended the name of Chæronea with harmonious sounds, and Athens cursed her conqueror. And, as Béranger would say, *we* could utter the name of our fatal day, when that day overthrew the Empire, brought back servitude, permitted the enemy to cross our frontiers, and, oh shame! beheld Frenchmen smile on the invaders!

Then like a mother mourning for her child, who thinks she sees every misfortune growing out of her unhappiness and enveloping her, the poet sees around the fallen giant, kings who rush forward, false and lying, promising liberty to-day, to-morrow giving slavery to the world in the place of glory.

At the end of his ballad the poet discloses a secret sorrow that was grand: the very young, those who had not like him passed through the great days of the Republic and the Empire, and the fatal day he was unwilling to name, were not able to understand his patri-

otic grief, and were astonished that the downfall of a hero could cause so much suffering. This surprise somewhat irritates him, and his language suddenly becomes scornful, when he says of these men :—

“ Be they happy ! The light of their new-rising star  
May efface that dark day and its battlefield gory.

Is it not true, however, that after the predominant and almost unique feeling of sadness produced in contemporaries by the event of Waterloo, there is a calmer and more satisfying reflection for Frenchmen farther removed from that dreadful day, which is reassuring, and enables them to pronounce the name of Waterloo without shuddering or weeping ? If this day has indeed proved that the grand army and the great Emperor could be wrecked, we know, at the same time, it was neither Wellington nor Blücher who ordered this ruin, it was a decree of the Almighty. “ It was time that this great man should fall,” says Victor Hugo. He weighed too heavily in human destiny and disturbed the equilibrium of the world. “ He was an obstacle in the sight of God, and his downfall was inevitable.”

His fall accomplished, the hero appeared to be still on his feet and formidable, threatening toward his conquerors, who were the counter-revolution, the old world, while he was the revolution, a thing that could not be wrecked or perish. “ After Waterloo,” again says Victor Hugo, “ one was enamored at the same time with the future, Liberty, and the past, Napoleon. Defeat had increased the importance of the conquered. Bonaparte fallen seemed higher than Napoleon standing. Those who had triumphed were frightened.

England had Hudson Lowe to guard him, and France, Montchenu, to lay in wait for him. His folded arms gave alarm to thrones. Alexander called him, "my sleeplessness." This fear was occasioned by the revolutionary spirit he possessed. It explains and excuses Bonapartist liberalism. This phantom made the old world tremble. Kings reigned ill at ease with the rock of Saint Helena in sight."

Old soldiers have said to me, "Thanks to thy muse,  
The people at last have songs for their singing ;  
Oh, smile on the laurels that some would refuse,  
By thy verse, o'er our exploits, new radiance flinging.  
Sing that day which appealed to a traitorous horde,  
That day of misfortune, that last day of glory."  
I answered them blushing, my wet eyelids lowered,  
My verses shall never be sad with its story.

What poet of Athens, with melodies sweet,  
E'er mingled the name of her greatest disaster ?  
Nay, rather, hurled downward from royalty's seat,  
She lost faith in her gods, and cursed her new master.  
A day like to that sees the Empire o'erthrown,  
The foreigner bringing us manacles hoary,  
Sees Frenchmen smile basely their captors upon ;  
My verses shall never be sad with its story.

Now perish the Giant of battles ; 'tis well !  
Haste, People, and list to the kings' proclamation :  
Let Liberty toll forth his funeral knell ;  
By you we shall reign, you have been our salvation.  
The great Giant falls ; and these pigmies forget  
The promises made on this day unto Glory,  
And bind the whole earth in dark Slavery's net ;  
My verses shall never be sad with its story.



But already the men upon Youth's sunny slope  
 Demand what this sorrow of mine is denoting.  
 What matters to them this wild shipwreck of Hope?  
 On the torrent their cradle was peacefully floating.  
 Be they happy ! the light of their new-rising star  
 May efface that dark day and its battlefield gory ;  
 But, though like a dream it should vanish afar,  
 My verses shall never be sad with its story.



## HE IS NOT DEAD.

*IL N'EST PAS MORT.*

“ The idea which suggested this ballad has prevailed for a long time in remote parts of the country, and even among the working-classes in cities. Perhaps one may still find in a province, people who hold this popular superstition.”—NOTE BY BÉRANGER.

These lines are a poetical and touching development of the last verse of “ The Memories of the People : ”

“ For years we deemed the rumor false ;  
 We said : He will return ;  
 He'll hasten back across the sea ;  
 The foe his power shall learn.”

The old soldier who sings, loved his Emperor so much he could not bring himself to believe in the idea of his death : God would not permit so great a misfortune. There is something like a prayer in this refrain :

“ *N'est il pas vrai, mon Dieu, qu'il n'est pas mort ?* ”

We fancy we hear the old man's voice trembling with emotion. Those who have never met any of the



veterans of the Empire can form no idea of their love for Napoleon; picture to yourself a man bent under the weight of years, and sufferings caused by long wars. Seated in his arm-chair, his eyes half-closed, almost deaf, he seems indifferent to everything in the world, and scarcely replies to the words screamed into his ear. But you pronounce the name of Napoleon; he immediately raises his head to listen, and his countenance begins to brighten. You then say to him: "Old father, if the Emperor should return, you would follow him again?" Look at him now, on his feet, excited, ready to march under the flag, and crying out with extended arms, "Oh, the dear little man," or, "Long live the Emperor," and then he falls back into his chair, his eyes full of tears. Is there anything in the world more touching, or that better proves how much Napoleon was loved by his soldiers? And you will say he was not a good man! He who does not himself love others is not thus loved.

I, an old soldier, you, my neighbors dear,  
 For eight long years have heard: "Your Emperor  
 On a lone isle has finished his career,  
 And 'neath the willow sleeps for evermore."\*  
 We smile at news so sad, bewildering;  
 Oh God, Who mad'st him strong, and Who hast spread  
 Above his way the shelter of Thy wing,—  
 It is not true, oh God! He is not dead!

He, dead? Oh, no! What earthquake's trembling shock,  
 What comet's flash, announced a death so great?  
 Think, rather, that the English, on their rock,  
 Failed to detain him, 'spite of wealth and hate.

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\* The weeping-willow of Saint Helena.

Our foreign foes, once frightened by his fame,  
Pretend in vain to mourn his spirit fled ;  
In vain their songs exalt his mighty name ;  
It is not true, oh God ! He is not dead !

Twice, in the camp, he shared my village-fare ;  
Gave me this Cross with his Imperial hand ;  
I oft, his Eagle bearing high in air,  
Before our choice have seen Death, baffled, stand.  
And him, the English shut within a grave,  
And near his sleep forbid our mournful tread ;  
And he shall turn to dust, like any slave ?  
It is not true, oh God ! He is not dead !

We soldiers know, that from his jailer-band,  
A ship at midnight carried him away ;  
Since then, disguised, through his beloved land  
He wanders, lonely, hunted, day by day.  
That weary horseman, with his furtive glance,  
That poacher, hiding in the woods his head,  
'Tis he, perhaps ; he comes to rescue France !  
It is not true, oh God ! He is not dead !

In Paris once, upon a festal day,  
I thought I saw,—I *saw* him ; all alone,  
He, near the Column, watched the proud array ;  
Excited, moved, I ran there ; he was gone.  
He knew me well, his comrade in past years,  
My joyous greeting he had cause to dread ;  
My joy, alas ! was changed to bitter tears.  
It is not true, oh God ! He is not dead !

A mariner, he sailed across the wave,  
To fight our foes 'neath India's burning skies ;  
He leads to war the native soldiers brave,\*  
The English tremble when their shouts arise.

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\* The Mahrattas, a people of Hindostan, had frequent collisions with the English about the time of the Emperor's death.

Now here, now there, he thunders at the walls ;  
And, without us, whom oft his presence led,  
From Asia coming, on the North he falls !  
It is not true, oh God ! He is not dead !

Each nation has a sorrow, deep and sore ;  
We need a guide to trust implicitly.  
Oh ! Father-God, our noble Chief restore,  
For without him, we scarce believe in Thee.  
But if afar, upon that rocky coast,  
Wrapped in his cloak, he fills a nameless bed,  
Ah, let my blood at least redeem his dust.\*  
But 'tis not true, oh God ! He is not dead !



## THE FIFTH OF MAY.

*LE CINQ MAI.*

1821.

This ballad bears the date of Napoleon's death at Saint Helena. That was the place for his life to end. "To die in an obscure way among American planters, (it is known that he entertained this idea for a time)," says Henry Martin, "was not an acceptable issue for such a tragedy and such an actor. His enemies had made a pedestal for him, of this isolated rock in the middle of the ocean, between two worlds, upon which the universe was gazing. There, he was like Prometheus in the fable, bound by the gods on Mount Caucasus. It was necessary for him to die there, that, in the eyes of

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\* It has been already mentioned that the remains of Napoleon were not brought back to France until 1840.

posterity, the poem of his death might perfect the poem of his life." It will be well to read this poem of exile and death in 'Thiers' History. Even those who do not sympathize with the historian of the Empire, in his admiration for his hero, will be moved, as we are, by his six years' sufferings, indignant toward his persecutors or executioners, and struck with the greatness of this man, who, imprisoned on an island, still attracts and shows himself more worthy to attract the attention of the world, than any of the princes then seated on the great thrones of Europe.

Upon a Spanish ship I journeyed o'er  
 The restless ocean, from a distant shore,  
 Where sad I wandered, wreck of Empire grand,  
 To hide my sorrows on far India's strand.  
 Five years an exile, when we pass the Cape,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cheered by the sun, my thoughts take brighter shape,  
 For in dear France I soon shall draw my breath ;  
 A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.<sup>2</sup>

"St. Helen's Isle !" the pilot shouts aloud !  
 Ah, there our hero droops, a captive bowed !  
 Good Spaniards, there extinguish all your hate ;  
 Help me to curse his jailers and his fate.<sup>3</sup>  
 And for his rescue I can nothing do ?  
 The time is past when glorious deaths we knew !  
 His soldier, I, shall soon in France draw breath ;  
 A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.

Perchance he sleeps, that thunder-bolt of war,  
 Who shattered mighty kingdoms by the score ;  
 But can he not, uprising free and dread,  
 Strike, in his death, the crown from every head ?<sup>4</sup>

Ah ! that stern rock repels my hope, my prayer ;  
 The gods no more with him their secrets share.<sup>5</sup>  
 But I, ere long, in France shall draw my breath ;  
 A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.

He wearied Vict'ry by his rapid pace ;  
 She paused to rest ; he, leaving, met disgrace.<sup>6</sup>  
 Though twice betrayed, he lived thro' shame and wrath,<sup>7</sup>  
 And hissing vipers crowding round his path !<sup>8</sup>  
 From laurel-wreath a poisoned draught is made ;<sup>9</sup>  
 On conq'ring brows, Death's ashen crown is laid.  
 But I, poor soldier, shall in France draw breath ;  
 A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.

Whene'er they note a vagabond astray,  
 " Can that be he ? " the potentates will say :  
 " Comes he again to ask of us the world ?  
 Against him, quick, be mighty legions hurled ! "  
 And he, perhaps, whom sufferings overpower,  
 Breathes his farewell to France, this very hour.<sup>10</sup>  
 But I, full soon, at home shall draw my breath ;  
 A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.

Of genius great, to goodness close allied,  
 Why seized he crown and sceptre in his pride ?<sup>11</sup>  
 By glory raised above each earthly throne,  
 He brightly shines upon his Island lone ;  
 There, like a mighty beacon, meets our view  
 Between two worlds, the old one and the new.  
 Poor soldier, I, shall soon in France draw breath ;  
 A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.

Good Spaniards, tell me, what is that on shore ?  
 A sable flag ! Ye gods ! His life is o'er !  
 But what ! He dead ? Oh Fame ! a widow thou !  
 Around me weep his sternest foemen now :

The star of day forsakes the western sky ;<sup>12</sup>  
And from that baneful rock, we silent fly.  
But I, alas ! in France shall soon draw breath ;  
A son's kind hand shall close my eyes in death.

1. The "Cape of Good Hope," formerly called the "Cape of Tempests."

2. This refrain is sad and touching because it recalls the Emperor who will never again see France or his son.

3. The English ; the English minister, Lord Bathurst, much more than the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, who only executed the minister's orders. This unfortunate governor lost favor and was badly received by the English themselves after Napoleon's death. "Eternal justice from on high already visible here below !" says M. Thiers. "Napoleon had expiated at Saint Helena the troubles he brought upon the world, and those who had been authorized to punish him expiated the wrong of not having shown respect to his fame and genius."

4. The metaphor in this sentence is very bold. The bullet represents Napoleon. Let him rise again, says the soldier, and again strike the head of kings.

5. The eagle, that is, the Emperor, must be one of those we call providentially appointed. Men ordained by Providence accomplish their actions with a certainty, a success that leads us to believe they know and execute the designs of God.

6. In 1814 and 1815, had the Emperor waited, that is, had he refused to abdicate, it is not at all certain that victory would not have returned under his banners.

7. Betrayed in 1814 by Talleyrand, and in 1815 by Fouché, he was led to abdicate. Truly he needed courage to live.



8. His outward enemies must have appeared to him like serpents, too small to understand all his greatness and respect it, when victory had deserted him; and how much more so his secret enemies, those men whom he had created and who, only yesterday, were his flatterers.

9. A very powerful poison is extracted from certain laurels.

10. Some weeks before his death he said, "I am no longer the proud Napoleon the world has seen so often on horseback. The monarchs who persecute me can take heart again, I shall soon give them security." And then he added: "I wish to be buried on the banks of the Seine, if that is ever possible, or at Ajaccio on my family estate, or if, after all, my dead body shall remain in captivity, at the foot of the fountain that has afforded me some relief."

11. It grieved Béranger to see Bonaparte take the Imperial crown. "Although I had very nearly foreseen the course that would follow Bonaparte's ambition, the re-establishment of a throne was a great source of sorrow to me. Much less a learned man than a man of impulse and feeling, I am by nature republican. I gave tears to the Republic, not written tears with exclamation points, of which poets are so lavish, but such as a soul breathing independence sheds, only too sincerely, over wrongs done to the country and liberty. My admiration for the genius of Napoleon took nothing away from my repugnance for the tyranny of his government, inasmuch as I considered less at that time than I have done since, the necessities laid upon him by the struggle to bear up against the constantly recurring encroachments of the European aristocracy."

12. He died at sunset, May 5, 1821, six years after

Waterloo. "About forty-five minutes past five," writes M. Thiers, "just at the moment when the sun was going down in a flood of light, and the English gun gave the signal for retiring, numerous lookers on who observed the dying man, noticed that he had ceased to breathe. They covered his hands with respectful kisses, and Marchand, his valet, who had brought to Saint Helena the cloak worn by the First Consul at Marengo, covered his body with it, only leaving his noble head exposed.

"One priest alone and some friends prayed for several days by the side of his lifeless body: striking contrast of profound solitude around the man whom the universe had surrounded and flattered! When his grave was ready, his friends, followed by the governor, officers of the island, soldiers of the garrison, and marines of the squadron, carried him to the place where he was to lie, until, according to his wish, he was transported to the banks of the Seine. English soldiers fired the last gun over his inanimate body, and his companions in exile, after kneeling upon the tomb that had just received the greatest human being since Cæsar and Charlemagne, prepared to return to Europe."

## THE PRISONER OF WAR.

*LE PRISONNIER DE GUERRE.*

This is far more a sentimental than a political ballad. It is only the more touching because it enlists all our sympathies in behalf of the suffering lover of a young girl, a poor village spinner, whose betrothed is a prisoner of the English, working hard on their galleys, war vessels of that nation which has been for ages the enemy of his country. The group of mother and daughter by the fireside this winter evening, with the spinning-wheel that turns, turns, and turns to gain bread for the captive, makes a poetical picture worthy of the brush of the greatest masters. And what a refrain! We can imagine we hear the beating of poor Marie's heart as she spins, spins, spins on the untiring wheel.

“ Marie, put thy wheel aside,  
The evening star is shining.”

“ Mother, one, the village pride,  
A captive now is pining ;  
Bravely fought he for our land ;  
Captured last of all the band.”<sup>1</sup>

“ Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To help the prisoner of war ;  
Spin, spin, my poor Marie,<sup>2</sup>  
To bring him home once more.”

“ If you wish I'll light thy lamp ;  
But what, my daughter, weeping ? ”  
“ Adrien's cell is dark and damp,  
Despair is o'er him creeping :  
He loved me well when but a boy ;  
He filled our home with mirth and joy.”

“ Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To help the prisoner of war ;  
Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To bring him home once more.”

“ I would spin, but I am old,  
My feeble strength is waning ! ”

“ Send my lover all the gold  
My daily toil is gaining.  
Rose keeps her wedding-feast to-night ;  
Ah ! hear the music, gay and bright ! ” <sup>3</sup>

“ Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To help the prisoner of war ;  
Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To bring him home once more.”

“ Draw nearer to the fire, my dear,  
The night-wind has arisen.”

“ Adrien’s moans I seem to hear  
Within his floating prison, <sup>4</sup>  
Where he, with chained and branded hands,  
The coarsest bread in vain demands.” <sup>5</sup>

“ Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To help the prisoner of war ;  
Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To bring him home once more.”

“ Daughter, of late I dreamed you two  
Were to your bridal going ;  
My dreams, you know, have all come true  
Ere thirty dawns are glowing.”

“ What ! ere the flow’rs shall deck the lea,  
My soldier will return to me ! ” <sup>6</sup>

“Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To help the prisoner of war ;  
Spin, spin, my poor Marie,  
To bring him home once more.”

1. She is proud of his bravery. She could not love him without that.

2. Spinning is no longer done at the present day. Formerly, even princesses spun. Lucretia spun wool ; the daughters of Augustus spun ; and Penelope, too, during the absence of Ulysses ; Mme. de Maintenon often spun by the side of Louis XIV. ; Hercules himself did some spinning ; it is true, he was so strong he broke all his flax ; and in Greco-Roman paganism the Fates spun the lives of men.

3. The sound of the violin calling to pleasure distresses poor Marie ; it is like the sun shining in a clear sky, or birds singing in the thicket, while we are carrying our loved ones to the grave.

4. The galleys.

5. What dishonor for a brave man's hand to be outstretched to the enemy for bread, and how much he must suffer !

6. The simplicity of the lower classes is more attractive than our cold reason ; our imagination is pleased, and we smile tenderly with the young girl, who believes in her mother's dream of the return of her lover, before “the dawn of the thirtieth day.”

## THE PRISONER.

## LE PRISONNIER.

Here is a true song, one that must be sung, that it is impossible for a Frenchman to read, the refrain at least, without singing in spite of himself, so much music has Béranger put into the words. The second line is the most harmonious and imitative in the French language:—

*“Vogue en chantant, au bruit des longs échos.”*

Read it slowly, allowing the voice to linger especially on the “long echoes,” and repeat the whole verse, surrendering yourself to the musical feeling. You will then understand how French verse can be beautiful and melodious even when spoken by a foreigner.

Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;  
 Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;  
 The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,  
 And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.

So sings, behind his prison rail,  
 A captive, waiting for the hour  
 When a fair form shall swiftly sail  
 Across the sea which bathes his tower.

Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;  
 Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;  
 The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,  
 And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.

A captive, in my age's flower,  
 In this old castle thou may'st see,  
 Waiting each day for thy bright hour,  
 As still I wait for liberty.



Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;  
Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;  
The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,  
And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.

The sea reflects thy noble form,  
Rounded and graceful from above.  
What guides thy sail through sun or storm ?  
Is it the breeze ? or is it Love ?

Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;  
Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;  
The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,  
And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.

What hope doth now enrapture me !  
Perhaps thou comest to set me free.  
Released by thee, I'll follow thee  
To happiness, across the sea.

Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;  
Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;  
The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,  
And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.

Pausing, thou seest my despair,  
A tear is in thy gentle eye ;  
Alas ! like Hope, so bright and fair,  
Thou passest, fleest, and I die.

Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;  
Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;  
The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,  
And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.

Now the sweet vision fades away !

But no : thou wavest thy hand to me.

Star of my life, light of my day,

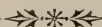
To-morrow I thy beams shall see.

Queen of the waves, sail on, in pinnace fleet ;

Sail, as thou singest, and the bright skies dawn ;

The sea is calm, echoes thy notes repeat,

And soft winds blow ; Queen of the waves, sail on.



## THE SWALLOWS.

### *LES HIRONDELLES.*

“ I had only to give away or to allow a copy to be taken of my new verses, to see them in a few days circulating all over France, passing the frontier, and even carrying consolation to our unhappy exiles who wandered over the whole world. I am, perhaps, the only author of modern times who could dispense with printing.”—BÉRANGER.

The prisoner, without tidings of his country and kindred, questions the swallows, to learn from them what is going on in France, in the home of his dear ones, at his own fireside. It is a poetical idea, and very natural for a Frenchman, especially so for one who has lived in a village, and has watched these messengers of Spring building their nests on the wall of the family room ; he has heard them every day in summer, twittering incessantly, flying overhead and taking part, as it were, in the conversation and feelings of the inmates. In America, love of the swallow does not prevail as it does

in France, nor do we find there the same respect, idolatry almost, for this wonderful bird, belief in its intelligence and heart, and the pleasing thought and agreeable superstition that perhaps it is a spirit, a soul coming back to visit us, and live by our side, in the form of the most attractive of birds. But the swallow of France is unknown in America; much blacker than the American, longer and more slender, ten times more rapid, making giddy circles around us, and so near one would say it wants to caress us; and, above all, more talkative and chattering—a hundred times more chattering, I assure you; the same to which Saint Francis said: “Sister, can you not keep quiet?”—and so sensitive, it experiences a thousand most lively excitements, all day long, caused by every incident in the family and farm-yard.

Dear swallows, how your arrival from France must make the exile’s heart beat!

Thus spoke a captive on the Moorish shore,

A warrior, though bent beneath a chain:

“Ye swallows dear, that greet my sight once more,  
Welcome! thrice welcome, to these shores again!  
Ye enemies to winter, Hope, perchance,  
Attends ye as to warmer climes you roam;  
Beyond a doubt you left my own fair France:  
Have you no tidings of my distant home?

“For three long years I’ve told my mournful tale,  
And oft conjured you, even with my tears,  
For some memento from that quiet vale  
Where hope first smiled upon my infant years.  
Where a pure streamlet winds its way serene,  
Between the banks where purple lilacs dwell,  
There stands our cot, which surely you have seen:<sup>1</sup>  
Have you no tidings of my native dell?

“ The roof of thatch beneath which I was born,  
 Perchance has kindly cradled some of you ;  
 There lives my mother, hapless and forlorn,—  
 You must have seen her, must have pitied, too.  
 For my return an anxious watch she keeps,  
 And fondly hopes my bounding step to hear ;  
 She listens, but in vain ; and then she weeps :  
 Have you no tidings of my mother dear ? ”<sup>2</sup>

“ My sister, too, oh ! tell me, is she wed ?  
 Have you not heard the group of village swains,—  
 By friendship to her humble nuptials led,—  
 Giving the tribute of their joyous strains ?  
 And my companions, who with ardor burned  
 To follow me, and share a soldier’s lot ;  
 Say, have my gallant comrades all returned ?  
 Or is their glory and their fate forgot ?

“ Alas ! perchance my early friends are slain,  
 And, trampling on their carcasses, the foe  
 Rules as a tyrant o’er my native plain,  
 Whilst my fond sister drinks the cup of woe ;  
 Perchance I have a mother’s prayers no more ;—  
 Fetters like mine, each captive form await :  
 Then give, O swallows from my native shore,  
 Give me some tidings of my country’s fate.”<sup>3</sup>

1. The hut is covered with thatch, in addition to which it is miserable and generally smokes. It matters not ! The captive mourns for this hut where he was born, and where his childhood flattered itself with the anticipation of a happy future under the lilacs in the garden.

2. How much feeling there is in this verse, which delineates the sorrow both of the son and the unhappy mother !

3. Melancholy reaches its climax at the end of the ballad : he has witnessed the horrors of two invasions, in 1814 and 1815, and, in imagination, he sees his village and dwelling again overrun by the enemies of his country.



## THE EXILE.

*L' EXILÉ.*

JANUARY, 1817.

In 1816 and 1817, the Government of Louis XVIII. sent into exile those who had aided in bringing back Napoleon from the island of Elba, and many of these brave soldiers were thus condemned to live in a foreign land, in countries which a few years before they had passed through as conquerors, and which they had, alas ! often devastated and ruined. One can scarcely imagine the sufferings of these unfortunate survivors of Waterloo, among people who took cruel pleasure in avenging the defeats and humiliations inflicted upon them, by the armies of the Revolution and the Empire.

Such is the law of vengeance, heathen morality, and law of Moses, which CHRIST condemned in His summary of the new dispensation, saying : " Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth : But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil." It is this ideal religion, practiced by CHRIST and His disciples, that Christians of the present day do not practice, declaring it to be perfection impossible to man ; it is this picture of a fraternal and happy life, the poet presents to us in his verses of " The Exile."

To her band of fair companions,  
Said a maid of lovely mien :—  
“ On our peaceful plains, my sisters,  
Let Humanity be queen.  
See ! a stranger now advances,  
Who is wand’ring sadly here,  
Asking ever for his country,  
Which he sings with many a tear.  
Of a land belovèd, the afflicted son,—  
Let us give a country to the exiled one.

“ Near a stream, whose rapid current  
Hurries toward his native land,  
Down he sits with tear-dimmed vision,  
Forehead leaning on his hand ;<sup>1</sup>  
Well he knows, those dancing waters,  
Flowing on without delay,  
To the fields he vainly longs for  
Soon will make their happy way.  
Of a land belovèd, the afflicted son,—  
Let us give a country to the exiled one.

“ While his broken-hearted mother  
Low before a monarch kneels,  
For her son’s return imploring,  
Till her love his pardon seals ;—  
He, by Victory deserted,  
Fearing for his olden fame,<sup>2</sup>  
Wanders lonely in our forests,  
Deeming kingly favor, shame.  
Of a land belovèd, the afflicted son,—  
Let us give a country to the exiled one.

“ Shore from shore by river parted,  
Only honor holds him here,  
Seeing, on all sides, mementoes  
Of his brave and proud career.



O'er our borders, war-invaded,  
 He was oft by Vict'ry led ;  
 And his blood, in times not distant,  
 For his country has been shed.  
 Of a land belov'd, the afflicted son,—  
 Let us give a country to the exiled one.

“ When as sad a Fate pursued us,  
 He has welcomed to his hearth  
 Many of our friends and brothers,  
 Captives far from home and mirth.  
 Now those hours of noble conquest  
 Let us to his mem'ry call,  
 Grant him here some festive moments,  
 Love and Friendship more than all.<sup>3</sup>  
 Of a land belov'd, the afflicted son,—  
 Let us give a country to the exiled one.

“ If our welcome kind shall soothe him  
 To forget awhile his woes,  
 And, beneath our sheltering roof-tree,  
 Sink into a sweet repose ;  
 Let our voices, softly singing,  
 Wake him when the night is o'er ;  
 Let him think : ‘ 'Mid home and kindred  
 I have sweetly slept once more.’  
 Of a land belov'd, the afflicted son,—  
 Let us give a country to the exiled one.”

1. Nothing is more melancholy than the gaze of the exile, resting upon the waters of this rapid stream, flowing on without ceasing, toward the country he loves, while he is a prisoner on its banks.

2. The mother has thrown herself at the feet of the master who has condemned her child to exile, and, touched by the maternal love that has driven her to

this humiliation, he will pardon if the son also becomes a suppliant. But no! the soldier of Napoleon is "anxious for his glory," he will not debase himself by asking a favor of Louis XVIII.

3. Behold the CHRIST: to return good for evil, to forget injuries, and to be kind even to those who have made us weep.



## SICK AT HEART.

*LE MALADE.*

1823.

This piece is seldom mentioned. It is, however, very beautiful, with sweet and touching sadness: it reveals the valiant poet's discouragements at certain moments in his career, at the time of the Restoration, when the great principles of the Revolution and the glories of the Empire, too, seemed to be obliterated from the mind of the nation. An effort is required to sing again, and he invokes the aid of everything that can awaken and inspire a noble soul: nature, the beautiful spring days, (1st verse); the pleasures of love, (2d verse); the memories of the Empire and the glories of the Tribune, (3d verse); the return of liberty, (4th verse); the martyrs of tyranny, (5th verse). This termination of the ballad explains the sadness which constitutes its charm.

A poignant pain invades my troubled breast,  
 My voice grows weak, by many griefs oppress;  
 Yet all things now revive; in hawthorn bowers  
 The golden bees are thronging round the flowers;

The skies above in dazzling blue are clad,  
 And Nature, blest with God's dear smile, is glad.  
 Awake, my voice ! though feeble, pure and sweet,  
 These lovely days of early Spring to greet.

My stern physician has o'erturned my glass ;  
 No mirth for me ! my brow is sad, alas !  
 But Love comes in the leafy month of June ;  
 The bird, while building, trills his gayest tune ;  
 And life and beauty, in a sunny flood,  
 Call upon Earth to smile, and blush, and bud.  
 Awake, my voice ! and sing, in tender rhyme,  
 The wondrous pleasures of the summer time.<sup>1</sup>

And for my country, still may there be songs,  
 T'avenge the Colors three from cow'rdly wrongs !<sup>2</sup>  
 France decks herself with lords and titles new,  
 But to the Eagle dead our tears are due.<sup>3</sup>  
 What perils in the stormy Tribune's hour  
 For men whose virtues rose above its pow'r !<sup>4</sup>  
 Awake, my voice ! though feeble, bravely raise  
 Thy song in honor of the patriots' praise.

I see afar long-banished Liberty ;  
 Yes ! she returns : ye tyrants, bow the knee !  
 To stifle her, in vain your traitor band  
 Calls upon Russia to o'errun our land.  
 The Bear, affrighted, seeks again his lair,  
 Far from the sunlight which he would not share.  
 Awake, my voice ! though feeble, free and proud,  
 For there are triumphs yet to sing aloud.

What say I ? Ah ! though Earth, awakened now  
 By Spring's sweet breath, with blossoms decks her brow,  
 Within our spirits Courage lies asleep,  
 And Hope, in fetters, learns to wait and weep.

For Greece expires, and Europe's filled with fears ;<sup>5</sup>  
 The only rebels are our burning tears.  
 Awake, my voice ! and consolation bring :  
 There may be martyrs yet for thee to sing.

1. This first part reminds us of one of the most beautiful compositions of Alfred de Musset, who also is sick at heart, and receives a visit from his Muse, his poor Muse, who weeps to find him silent, and shows him Spring to arouse his feelings. (*Alfred de Musset, Poésies Nouvelles : La Nuit de Mai.*)

2. The glorious tricolored flag of the Revolution and the Empire, forgotten beneath the folds of the white flag of the Bourbons, brought back to France by foreigners. What disgrace and cowardice !

3. To Napoleon.

4. These orators of the opposition, who dared resist power under the Bourbons, deserved to be extolled.

5. The Greeks, in their struggles for independence, have passed through terrible crises which have driven the friends of their country to despair ; nevertheless, the Great Powers, trembling and afraid, did not interpose in behalf of this poor nation, formerly the light and glory of the world.

Béranger loved Greece with a poet's love, and felt himself so far a Greek in heart and sympathies as to believe in the metempsychosis of Pythagoras : he imagined that the soul of an old Greek had taken up its abode in his body.

## ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

## ADIEUX À LA CAMPAGNE.

1821.

These verses, sublime lines, as they have been called, were distributed in manuscript, even at the court, on the day of Béranger's condemnation, December 8, 1821.

The poet had already published two collections of ballads before this date. Louis XVIII was unwilling to have him prosecuted for his first offenses. "Much must be pardoned," he said, "to the author of 'The King of Yvetot.'" But this time, when the poet began to make a more furious attack, and to extol more highly the glories of the Empire, the Government grew angry, and Béranger was prosecuted by law. He well deserved it, and it does him honor, for he did more than any other Frenchman to bring about the fall "of the Legitimist Kings," and the Revolution of July, 1830.

He was condemned to three months' imprisonment, which he passed happily enough at Saint-Pélagie, and from whence he struck new blows at the Government. It was from prison he sent out the ballad of "Liberty."

*Since I have felt the chain,  
A small one though it be,  
My heart a fine disdain  
Has learned for Liberty.  
Fie upon Liberty!  
Down with Liberty!*

*Marchangy, wise and brave,  
In charity insists  
That I shall be the slave  
Of the Legitimists.  
Fie upon Liberty!  
Down with Liberty!*

*No longer praise in vain  
 That goddess, who demands  
 That Earth shall still remain  
 In ancient swaddling-bands.  
 Fie upon Liberty!  
 Down with Liberty!*

*Oh! what is left to-day  
 Of Civic Freedom's tree?  
 A staff which despots sway;  
 Sceptre sans majesty.  
 Fie upon Liberty!  
 Down with Liberty!*

*By the brave thoughts that dwell  
 Among the lower ranks,  
 An angry rebel fills each cell,  
 Or rows in galley-banks.  
 Fie upon Liberty!  
 Down with Liberty!*

*Good turnkeys whom I love,  
 Ye jailers full of cheer,  
 By you unto the Louvre above  
 Be this my vow brought near:  
 Fie upon Liberty!  
 Down with Liberty!*

In 1828, Béranger appeared again before the tribunal, and this time was condemned to nine months' imprisonment. This was under Charles X. Triumph and 1830 were not far away.

To explain the struggle carried on by the poet against the Bourbons, and to show his feelings, his own words must be quoted at length:—

“In 1814, I only saw in the fall of the Empire, the



misfortunes of a country the Republic had taught me to idolize. On the return of the Bourbons, in whom I took no interest, it seemed to me their weakness might facilitate the return of national liberties. We were assured they would agree to them; notwithstanding the Charter, I put little faith in this assurance; but these liberties could be forced upon them. I then sang of the glory of France: I sang in the presence of foreigners, already, however, turning this era into ridicule, without being as yet antagonistic to the restored royalty. I was upbraided with having made opposition from hatred to the Bourbons; what I have just said answers this accusation, that few persons of the present day, I am sure, would undertake to repel, and that I accepted formerly in silence. Illusions lasted a short time; a few months were sufficient for each one to be recognized, and to open the eyes of the less clear-sighted.

“The return of the Emperor soon came to divide France into two parties and constitute the opposition, which triumphed in 1830. He again raised the national flag and assured its future, in spite of Waterloo, and the disasters following. Popular enthusiasm during the Hundred Days did not deceive me: I saw that Napoleon could not govern constitutionally; he had not been given to the world for that. I expressed my apprehensions both good and evil, in my ballads. In the meantime, it was easy for me to hold up the French to ridicule, when they did not blush to invoke, with impious vows, the triumph and return of foreign armies. I shed tears at their first entrance into Paris; I shed tears at their second entrance: perhaps there are some persons who are accustomed to such sights. I then had the deep conviction that were the Bourbons such as their

partisans still dared assert, there was no longer a possibility for them to govern France, nor a possibility for France to induce them to adopt liberal principles, when, since 1814, they had regained all they had lost by terror, the anarchy of the Directory, and the glory of the Empire. This conviction, which has not left me, I owed, at first, less to the calculations of my reason than to the inspiration of the people. At each event I studied them with religious care, and almost always waited until their sentiments appeared to agree with my reflections, to make them my rule of conduct in the part the opposition, at that time, gave me to perform. The nation was my muse."

The spectacle that the entrance of foreign troops into Paris presented, had inspired him with profound contempt for the Legitimists. Truly it was a spectacle!

"From the top of balconies a thousand or twelve hundred Bourbonites, men and women, people of noble rank, or who endeavored to raise themselves to the nobility, gave the Conquerors civility for civility; a few even threw themselves at the feet of the leaders, whose dusty boots they kissed, while at the windows, waving white handkerchiefs, cries of enthusiasm, noisy benedictions, saluted the army that passed along, perfectly astonished at such a triumph. Thus a cowardly set of Frenchmen trod under foot the trophies of our last twenty-five years of glory, in the presence of strangers, who showed so well by their bearing, that they preserved a deep recollection of them. The working-class, seized at first with patriotic indignation, could not, for a long time, account for such an unforeseen change. As this class, more than any other, had need of peace, this alone could put a favorable construction on the

régime prepared for us. One can judge of the difference of feeling animating the people and the royalists, old or new, from two events that took place under my own eyes. The day after the foreigners entered Paris, a hundred of our soldiers made prisoners within our walls, led by a German detachment, were marched through streets filled with workmen. The latter, seeing Frenchmen wounded and covered with blood, thought, at first, they were taking them to hospitals; but being informed that they were led by the enemy's staff encamped on the Champs Élysées, they made an outcry, and prepared to rescue this unfortunate remnant of our defenders, when, either by chance or from prudence, the leaders of the escort enabled them to reach the boulevards, where fervent royalists were standing to stimulate their agents. I was there: at the sight of our poor soldiers, prisoners, suffering and mutilated, cheers were raised in the group of Bourbonites: fine gentlemen and beautiful ladies placed themselves at the windows to applaud the foreign soldiers, and did not lack their share in such infamy. It was not only the country insulted, but humanity outraged. I witnessed a sight not less shameful, but less sad, on the Place Vendôme, where several royalists, with whom I had just been talking, endeavored to throw down the Emperor's statue from the top of the column, the base of which had been purposely loosened. Horses and men harnessed with long ropes, pulled the large figure that remained unshaken, and which the ringleaders of the party longed to see shattered on the pavement. In spite of the terror of surprise that still paralyzed the crowd, consciousness of insults heaped upon the soldier of the Revolution produced, at first, dull murmurs, then burst

into long laughs at each fruitless effort put forth by the new iconoclasts. They were obliged to retire without having accomplished their work of destruction."

Ye trees, made lovely by autumnal dyes,  
 Thou sun, whose fainter ray yet cheers the skies,  
 Now on ye both one latest look I cast,  
 My songs' success assures me 'tis the last !  
 Beneath these shading boughs what visions came  
 To cheer my bosom,—e'en a dream of fame !  
     One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky ;  
     To my adieu, ye echoing woods, reply.<sup>1</sup>

The other songsters of these woods are free :  
 Had my strains died, it had been so with me.  
 But when I saw a vile and worthless race  
 Oppress our France, and bring her to disgrace,<sup>2</sup>  
 I bent my bow and launched my satires keen ;  
 Ah, love's soft lay had less injurious been !  
     One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky ;  
     To my adieu, ye echoing words, reply.

Their hostile rage cuts off my humble means,<sup>3</sup>  
 And at the bar my gaiety arraigns ;  
 Over revenge a pious veil they spread,<sup>4</sup>  
 But can their guilty shame conceal its red ?  
 To Heaven for curses on my head they pray,  
 The God of Mercy turns, displeased, away.  
     One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky ;  
     To my adieu, ye echoing woods, reply.

If I have called departed Glory home,  
 Or hung a garland on the warrior's tomb,  
 At Victory's feet I never sang for gold,  
 Nor praised the deed when states were bought and sold ;

Nor did I hymn the Empire's rising sun,—  
 I only sang when its bright race was run.  
 One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky ;  
 To my adieu, ye echoing woods, reply.

While tyrants weigh and measure out my chain,  
 Their wish to bring me to contempt is vain ;<sup>5</sup>  
 My strains, that issue from a dungeon's cell,  
 Shall only have for France a mightier spell :  
 On the black bars I'll hang my tuneful lyre,  
 And Fame shall there behold it and admire.  
 One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky ;  
 To my adieu, ye echoing woods, reply.

Outside the bars come, Philomel, and sing ;—  
 Thou, too, didst owe thy troubles to a king.  
 'Tis time to part,—my jailer shows my cell,—  
 Ye woods, ye waters, meads and flowers, farewell.  
 I go to wear the body's ponderous chain,  
 And raise, still free in soul, fair Freedom's strain !<sup>6</sup>  
 One parting smile bestow, thou azure sky ;  
 To my adieu, ye echoing woods, reply.

1. At the moment when he feels there is no more repose for him in this life, owing to his hatred of power and his prosecutions, the poet is moved by the recollection of the country, its mild autumn sun, its changing foliage, its caressing breeze, and pure, unbounded sky. In cities the sky is limited and sullied by man.

2. The yoke of the Bourbons who had deceived the nation, taking away glory without giving liberty in return.

3. Béranger was poor, having scarcely any other resource beside his humble position at the University, which his enemies would have deprived him of, had he not resigned.



4. Marchangy, the Advocate-general, who made the requisition against Béranger, endeavored to make him appear irreligious, to render the sentence more severe. Quoting the poet's verses about God, he exclaimed: "Did Plato speak thus of the Divinity?" This Monsieur Marchangy did not love good people as the author of "The God of Good People," understood them.

5. The Attorney-general, M. Bellard, wished to have Béranger sentenced again, because the accounts of the proceedings containing his condemned songs had been published for the author's benefit. This extensive publicity given to the ballads greatly provoked the administration, and caused much amusement at its expense.

6. In memory of the taking of the Bastille: see the following ballad.



## THE GODDESS.

### *LA DÉESSE.*

I do not know why we find nothing in the writings of our best critics about "The Goddess." There is, however, no ballad Béranger could sing with more fervor, for no other expresses so well his personal and political feeling, love of the Republic; and his voice is nowhere more resounding and animated than it is before the image of the Goddess of Liberty he saw at one of the fêtes of the Revolution. As we listen to it, we feel that he recalls the joyous emotion experienced in his childhood, at the age of nine, when he witnessed the taking of the Bastille, the destruction of the old world. He



celebrated this glorious event in the prison of La Force in 1829:

For me a captive, charming memory !  
I, then a boy, heard " Vengeance ! " cried aloud :  
" To the Bastille ! To arms ! Quick, quick, to arms ! "  
Merchants and townsmen hastened side by side.  
I saw the mother, daughter, wife, grow pale ;  
The cannon roared in answer to the drum.  
" The people conquer ! The Bastille is theirs ! "  
A glorious sun made festive that great day,  
    Made festive that great day.

Old men and children, rich and poor embraced ;  
The women told a thousand exploits o'er :  
Soldiers in blue, the heroes of the siege,  
Were hailed upon the street with hands and voice.  
The name of King struck on my youthful ear ;  
Of La Fayette they spoke with love and pride.  
Then France was free, and then my mind awoke.  
A glorious sun made festive that great day,  
    Made festive that great day.

Next morn an agèd man of learning great,  
Guided my steps amid the wreck immense.  
" My son," said he, " here despotism strove  
To stifle the complaints of men enslaved ;  
In order here to lodge the captive crowd,  
Such dungeons deep were dug beneath each tow'r,  
At the first shock the castle old sank down.  
A glorious sun made festive that great day,  
    Made festive that great day.

" That old and holy rebel, Liberty,  
Arming herself with fetters of our sires,  
Calls to her triumph in these ancient walls,  
Equality, descending from the skies.

Around these sisters, lightnings dart and shine.  
 'Tis Mirabeau who thunders 'gainst the Court ;  
 His voice which cries : ' And yet a prison here !'  
 A glorious sun made festive that great day,  
     Made festive that great day.

"Each nation harvests from the seed we sow.  
 Now twenty kings, who hear our mighty strife,  
 With trembling hands hold fast each tottering crown ;  
 Their subjects speak of us with bated breath.  
 Of equal rights to man, the age begins,  
 And soon will journey all around the globe.  
 Out of this wreck God makes the world anew.  
 A glorious sun made festive that great day,  
     Made festive that great day."

These lessons of my old and learn'd friend,  
 Slept deep within my heart for many a day.  
 But they awake, when forty years are fled,  
 In bolted cell, this Fourteenth of July.  
 O Liberty ! my voice, in vain proscribed,  
 Proclaims thy praise unto my prison walls.  
 Athwart my bars the dawn begins to smile ;  
 A glorious sun makes festive this great day,  
     Makes festive this great day.

What a spectacle France is, raising herself before the Goddess of Liberty, and then, soon after, fallen and discouraged at the feet of a despot ! It matters not ! Liberty will always rise again, and since Béranger's death the Republic has returned to France : " This is the third awakening," said George Sand in 1870 ; " it is ideally beautiful. Battles for this noble victory have been decreasing. The republic is the normal state, the state desired by the human conscience. It is the inevitable

result of the prodigious toil of mankind. Intelligence, manhood, can only be developed in a free atmosphere.

“Hail to thee, O Republic! a great nation will march under thy banner, after a bloody expiation. The task is difficult, but if thou should'st return to fall once more, thou wilt still rise again! The right of man is imperishable.”

Can this be you, whom I beheld so fair  
 When round your ear a joyous nation came,  
 And hailed you queen in the immortal name  
 Of her whose flag you waved aloft in air?  
 Vain of each loud salute, each gazing eye,  
 Proud in flushed youth and conscious beauty's glow,  
 You moved a goddess thro' the glittering show,  
 Goddess of Liberty!

Stately you rode o'er monarchs' ruined glory,  
 Around you flashed in steel our armed powers;  
 Our maidens, while they strewed your path with flowers,  
 Mixed their soft chants with hymns of warlike story.  
 I, hapless child, whom Chance and Penury  
 Right scantily nourished with their bitter mead,  
 I cried, Be thou a mother to my need,<sup>1</sup>  
 Goddess of Liberty!

Those days are tarnished o'er with names of crime;<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet could they not my artless youth appal;  
 To my boy's heart my country's love was all,  
 And hatred for her foes of foreign clime!<sup>3</sup>  
 For all were then in arms, for her to die;  
 Each heart was proud, and Poverty waxed bold:  
 Oh! give me back my youthful days of old,  
 Goddess of Liberty!

Like lava slumbering in its mountain hoard,  
 The people rest from many a toilsome year :  
 And twice the strangers' legions have been here,  
 Our Gallic gold to balance with the sword.<sup>4</sup>  
 Alas ! when France, around thee, raised her cry,  
 And placed thee on an altar, as supreme,  
 Thou wert an idol, and those hopes a dream,  
 Goddess of Liberty !

I see thee once again. Time's envious wing,  
 Hath chilled and blighted those love-beaming eyes ;  
 That brow, where many a wintry wrinkle lies,  
 Yet seems to blush for its departed Spring.  
 Weep not ! fond hopes, and aspirations high,  
 Car, altar, youth and glory, all are o'er ;  
 All these are past, and thou, divine no more ;  
 Goddess of Liberty !<sup>5</sup>

1. The recollection of the taking of the Bastille.

2. Marat and many others.

3. " In the evening, seated at the inn door (his aunt's house), we listened to the sound of guns of the English and Austrians besieging Valenciennes, sixteen leagues from Peronne. Dread of the foreigner increased in me daily."—BÉRANGER.

4. Allusion to the two invasions of 1814 and 1815.

5. Take heart, do not be ashamed, O goddess ; be proud, rather, for under your sway everything is beautiful, everything is grand ; when you depart nothing good remains : chariot, altar, flowers, youth, glory, virtue, grandeur, hope, pride, all have perished with you.

## THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

*LE TAILLEUR ET LA FÉE.*

1822.

“ Béranger loved the people, not as a tribune who imposes upon them, or as an ambitious man who mounts upon their shoulders in order to raise himself; he loved them, not because he received a mission from Heaven to save them, on the same day that a beneficent fairy took him from his old grandfather’s arms :

“ ‘ And then the fairy, with a magic lay,  
Lulled all my cries and charmed my grief away ;’—

“ Béranger loved the people because he suffered with them, and in like manner :

“ ‘ The good old man, with some anxiety,  
Then asked how Fate my future course would mark ;  
The sprite replies : ‘ The infant first will be  
Boots at an inn, then printer, then a clerk.’

“ Whatever may be said, there is true christian feeling in this remembrance of early troubles, which is followed by a series of fraternal efforts, inspired songs and charitable works. This sympathy for the sufferings of the people, which, later on, will lead to factious opposition, or even, for a time, to disorganizing socialism, commences with the most gentle of virtues,—compassion. Béranger possessed during his whole life that inspiration of heart which is above all other virtues, and whose place cannot be supplied by the most austere,—the inspiration of evangelical charity.”—CUVILLIER-FLEURY.

In this same Paris, full of wealth and woe,  
 A tailor lived, my grandsire poor and old, <sup>1</sup>  
 And in his house, some fifty years ago,  
 For me, new-born, strange was the fate foretold.  
 Nothing, at first, proclaimed my future fame;  
 No flowers around my cradle flung their charms;  
 Till at my cries one day, my grandsire came,  
 And found his nursling in a Fairy's arms:  
 And this kind Fairy, with a magic lay,  
 Lulled all my cries and charmed my grief away.

The good old man, with some anxiety,  
 Then asked how Fate my future course would mark;  
 The sprite replied: "The infant first will be  
 Boots at an inn, then printer, then a clerk; <sup>2</sup>  
 A thunderbolt will strike him from the skies,  
 But terror from thy loving heart dismiss,  
 For Heaven will spare him, and the boy will rise  
 To brave all other storms as well as this." <sup>3</sup>  
 And the kind Fairy, with a magic lay,  
 Lulled all my cries and charmed my grief away.

"All the delights that joy and youth afford  
 Shall wake his lyre to cheer the midnight hour;  
 Your grandson's song shall bless the poor man's board,  
 And give a zest to opulence and power. <sup>4</sup>  
 But sights full sad the Poet's fire will check,  
 The sight of fame and freedom sinking low:  
 Yet like a seaman who escapes the wreck,  
 He will survive to tell his tale of woe." <sup>5</sup>  
 And the kind Fairy, with a magic lay,  
 Lulled all my cries and charmed my grief away.

Then thus the tailor: "Must my grandson be  
 Maker of patchwork poetry? Why zounds!  
 Better by far to sit and stitch like me,  
 Than, like an echo, die in idle sounds!"



“Bah !” said the sprite, “a truce to useless fear ;  
 A wreath of bays shall grace your grandson’s head ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Each song he sings shall be to Frenchmen dear,  
 And soothe the tears our hapless exiles shed.”  
 Then the kind Fairy, with her magic lay,  
 Lulled all my cries and charmed my grief away.

My friends, yestre’en I wandered sad and lone,  
 When the kind Fairy met my mournful gaze ;  
 She plucked the petals from a rose o’er blown,  
 And thus she spake : “Thou’rt in life’s autumn days ;  
 But as, in deserts, bright the mirage shines,  
 So to the aged heart come mem’ries sweet ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And love, with friendship, gladly now combines,  
 Thy natal day with youthful song to greet.”  
 And then the Fairy, with her magic lay,  
 As oft of old, charmed all my grief away.

1. “If one could choose his birth-place I should have chosen Paris, which did not wait for the great Revolution to become the city of liberty and equality, where misfortune perhaps meets with the greatest sympathy. There I came into the world on the 19th of August, 1780, at the home of my good old grandfather Champy, a tailor on the Rue Montorgueil, in a house still standing at the present day.

“To see me, born in one of the dirtiest and most noisy streets, who would have thought that I should take so much delight in the woods, fields, flowers and birds ?”

2. At the age of nine, Béranger left Paris for Péronne, where he went to live with his aunt, who kept an inn. There he served somewhat in the capacity of “boots of the inn ;” “the small amount of vanity I possessed, was wounded when I was obliged to serve at table or in the stable.” At fourteen he was a printer, a

mere apprentice at M. Laisné's, where he learned a little spelling and the language. Finally, in 1809, he was appointed clerk in the offices of the University.

3. In 1792 he was struck by lightning on the threshold of his aunt's house, and completely asphyxiated. With difficulty he was restored to consciousness.

4. These four lines describe a part of the poet's work, his songs of love, sentiment and imagination.

5. These are the great ballads, war and patriotic songs which extol liberty, equality, and the glories of the Empire.

6. This is true: there are few poets as likely to be remembered as the French song-writer, even among the greatest of this century. And surely there is not a single one who has been more popular than he, not one who has exercised so powerful an influence over the ideas and opinions of the whole nation. The idol of the people during the whole of his career as poet, in his old age he was surrounded by the admiration, respect and deference of our greatest writers; Chateaubriand, for instance, Lamennais, Michelet, Thiers, Mignet, Cousin, Victor Hugo and Lamartine.

7. The fantastical effects of the mirage deceive the traveller even on the sand of the desert; he imagines he sees before him, forests, lakes, and streams. Thus, pleasures of the past present themselves to the old man's mind as if he were enjoying them to-day. Delightful illusion!

## THE GALLIC SLAVES.

## LES ESCLAVES GAULOIS.

1824.

In 1824, not even liberty of the press remained; writings were subject to censure: it was difficult for Béranger to find an editor who would dare publish "The Gallic Slaves." This termination of the reign of Louis XVIII., who died September 16th of this year, was sad enough to discourage the most stubborn friends of liberty.

Our ballad expresses this discouragement and hopelessness, which lead a man to scorn the thing he has pursued in vain, to laugh at happiness or grandeur he has failed to attain, which he gives up seeking, not even desiring it any longer: his faith is dead, sufferings and tyranny have killed it.

"A plague on fools who perish for their land!  
All gaily in the mire our chains we'll steep!  
Let us drink deep!"

Yes, in order to forget, they drink deeply, on their knees under the tyrant's lash, these "poor Gauls under whom the world trembled." They are madmen to drink to intoxication; but a thousand times more detestable is the tyrant who has filled the hearts of brave men with despair.

Some ancient Gauls, poor wretched slaves,  
One night when all around them slept,  
Levied a tithe on those deep vaults  
Where their master's wine was kept.<sup>1</sup>  
Then merriment awoke:

“ Ah, ha ! ” said one, “ we will make jealous folk ;<sup>2</sup>  
The slave is king when the master’s asleep :  
Let us drink deep !

“ My friends, our master seized this wine  
From exiles, roaming far and wide ;—  
Driven from Gaul on that sad day  
When Law and Justice died.<sup>3</sup>  
Let it rust on our chains ;  
More sweet the wine as in age it gains.  
We will share the booty of those who weep ;  
Let us drink deep !

“ Know you the humble graveyard stone  
Where rest the warriors of our time ?  
No longer wives kneel there to pray ;  
No flow’rs are there in Spring’s sweet prime.  
No more the Poet’s hand,  
To laud their names, the tender lyre shall sweep.  
A plague on fools who perish for their land !  
Let us drink deep !

“ Fair Liberty would still conspire<sup>4</sup>  
With waning Virtue’s feeble will ;  
She tells us : ‘ Up ! Behold the dawn ;  
Oh People, why art slumb’ring still ? ’  
Thou goddess whom they praise,  
Seek not thy martyrs in these lukewarm days ;  
For Gold corrupts thee, Glory makes thee weep.  
Let us drink deep !

“ Ah, yes ! all hope is fled afar ;  
Unnumbered evils now we bear ;  
For Tyranny, with heavy blows,  
Has riveted the bonds we wear.  
For this sad world in chains,  
All-powerful Gods, what blessings do ye keep ?  
You’re harnessed to a car where priestcraft reigns.<sup>5</sup>  
Let us drink deep !

"Laugh we at Gods ; mock we the wise ;  
 Flatter our masters with each breath ;  
 Give them our sons for hostages :  
 We live in shame ; what more is death ?  
 Let Pleasure on us wait,  
 More lightly then will fall the blows of Fate ;  
 All gaily in the mire our chains we'll steep :  
 Let us drink deep ! " 6

The master hears their drunken songs,  
 And, "Haste ye," to his men he calls,  
 "Quench with a whip the noisy mirth  
 Of these degen'rate Gauls."  
 Then tyrant blows are hurled,  
 While those who bear them, kneeling, cringe and creep ;  
 Poor Gauls, whose prowess once could shake the world ;  
 Let us drink deep !

*L'envoi.*

Dear Manuel, in another age,  
 Could I have painted our sad days ?  
 Thy eloquence and courage high  
 Met with no need of love or praise.  
 But for thy country dear,  
 Thy virtue smiles when perils hover near,  
 And pities madmen, crying in their sleep,  
 "Let us drink deep ! " 7

1. The tithe in Judaism was the tenth part of the fruits of the earth, which the Jews offered to the Lord, or to their priests. In France, under the old régime, this same tenth was levied by the nobles and higher clergy on the crops of their estates. Figuratively, as here, it is a portion of another's property carried away without any permission from the owner.

2. Unfortunate beings ! They enjoy low pleasures.

3. When the Bourbons returned after Napoleon's abdication. The laws of equality and brotherhood, established by the Revolution, expired on that day.

4. *Conspire* does not signify here to make a conspiracy, but to tend to the same end, act in concert: good citizens *conspire* with the laws for the public welfare. Even in these evil days, notwithstanding oppression, says the poet, Liberty still *conspires*, that is, acts in concert with the small amount of virtue left to us. It strives to awaken us. But the "Gallic Slaves" will no longer listen, and become madmen or martyrs. Gold corrupts Liberty, they say; there are liberals who sell themselves to power. And Glory frightens it: under Napoleon, many men, though friends of liberty, did not dare demand it.

5. The priest chants the *Te Deum* for all sovereigns, but under the Restoration he did more; he placed all his influence at the service of tyranny and persecution of the liberals.

6. Of what degradation is this verse a picture! Terrible is the tyrant who causes citizens, once brave and proud, to fall so low.

7. Manuel was more eloquent and courageous than any one else, in his struggle for liberty, and against the government of Louis XVIII. He also had the honor of being expelled from the Legislative Assembly, March 3, 1823, by a vote of his colleagues of the Right, (the Legitimists). He declared he would only leave the Chamber when forced to do so by those who had no right to exclude him. "The next day, in fact," says Henry Martin, "Manuel entered the Assembly escorted by the whole Left. The president requested him to retire. Manuel refused. The president suspended



the sitting, announcing that he would give orders for carrying out the resolution of the Assembly. The majority went out. The Left remained in their places. A detachment of the national guards and veterans entered the Chamber. The Commander ordered the national guards to advance and compel Manuel to leave.

“‘What!’ exclaimed La Fayette, ‘the national guard to execute such an order!’ The order was repeated twice. The sergeant and the platoon did not stir. The Left and the galleries burst out in cheers. A detachment of light-horse, led by a Colonel, then entered. After three summons, this officer and his men laid hands upon Manuel. The latter, as he had declared, yielded only to main force. The Left went out with him, and drew up a protest against the outrage on the Charter, the rights of electors and all citizens, that a faction had just succeeded in committing on the majority.” Such violence destroys governments guilty of it, as surely as it honors those who suffer.

## THE GRAVES OF JULY.

LES TOMBEAUX DE JUILLET.

1832.

Irritated by the opposition he encountered in the Chambers, in newspapers and books, and by the hostility of the citizens and nation, greater and more apparent every day, Charles X. decided to take extreme measures : he made a *coup d'état*. "By the ordinances of July 25, 1830," says M. Rambaud, "Charles X. set aside the elections, modified the electoral law, suppressed the liberty of the press. He pretended to justify these acts by article 14 of the Charter, which gave kings the right to make "rules and ordinances for the execution of laws and the safety of the state;" but this article 14 could not give the king the right to make ordinances for the violation of laws. To pretend to rule, by means of ordinances, that which could only be regulated by law, was to replace constitutional monarchy by absolute monarchy. The country answered this pretension by overthrowing the royalty of divine right."

In order to understand somewhat the poet's enthusiasm in the ballad of "The Graves of July," each one must quicken his own feelings by the recollection of one of his greatest patriotic joys, the memory of a glorious national day ; the surrender of General Lee, for instance, if he is an American ; Waterloo, if he is an Englishman.

Béranger, who entered so deeply into the feelings of his country, had greater cause for rejoicing than any one else, when the memorable events of the "Great Week" were accomplished. For him, it was like a personal triumph, for he had devoted his genius and all his ener-

gies to pull down the throne which at length fell, and to restore to France the conquests of the Revolution. No one deserved better than the poet, the present he received, of the glorious tricolored flag, July 29, 1830. He relates the adventure with touching emotion: "I wish to give an account here of one of the most flattering rewards accorded to my patriotism. On Friday of the great week, a lady I did not know, and whom I have never seen since, wending her way through the crowd thronging the drawing rooms of Laffitte, reached me and offered me an immense tricolored flag: 'Sir,' she said, 'I have spent the night getting this ready. To you, you alone, I wished to give it, that you might place it upon the column.' Moved to tears, while thanking her, I insisted that the flag should be presented to the assembled deputies. 'No, no,' she replied, 'it is for you, you alone.' And then she disappeared. This flag was immediately hoisted upon the stand of the Vendôme Column by the young men who witnessed the scene. I, who have received and still receive so many marks of popular affection, find there are none whose memory is revived more frequently than that of the lady and her flag. May she survive me, to see some day here, the evidence of my gratitude."

Bring blossoms, Children, ye whose hands are pure,  
 Bring flowers, laurels, while the flambeau waves;  
 Of our Three Days adorn the crowded tombs:<sup>1</sup>  
 The nation, like the monarch, has its graves.

Charles Tenth had ordered, "Ere July depart  
 From levellers my kingdom must be free;<sup>2</sup>  
 Up with the Lilies!" Crowds, in Paris streets,  
 Arm and reply:—"Up with the Colors Three!"<sup>3</sup>

By what great exploits do you charm our eyes,  
Or make us tremble, that you speak so loud ?  
Think you to copy Egypt's conqueror ?  
He well could hide your sires within his shroud.<sup>4</sup>

And so, at last, a Charter they bestow,<sup>5</sup>  
And 'neath the yoke they fain would bend us all !  
We know full well how thrones can totter down ;  
And here's another king who craves a fall !<sup>6</sup>

But still a Voice which speaketh from on high,  
Within our hearts cries out : " Equality !"  
Equality ? But is not that the road  
Which kingly hands would close to misery ?<sup>7</sup>

March on ! March on ! The City Hall is ours !  
Ours are the ports, the Palace, all our own !  
Entering as conquerors the royal home,  
We'll seat the People on that ancient throne.<sup>8</sup>

How great the People, humble, poor, but gay,  
Who, laughing, drive away the kings they hate ;  
And, only masters after bloody strife,  
Still fasting, guard the treasures of the State.<sup>9</sup>

Bring blossoms, Children, ye whose hands are pure,  
Bring flowers, laurels, while the flambeau waves ;  
Of our Three Days adorn the crowded tombs :  
The nation, like the monarch, has its graves.

Some artisans, some soldiers from the Loire,  
Some scholars try the cannon-balls to aim ;  
And falling there, bequeath their victory  
To us, but think not e'en to tell their name.

Ah, to these heroes France a temple owes !  
 Their fame afar a holy dread inspires ;  
 Their great example troubles mighty kings ;  
 “ What is a king to-day ? ” each one inquires.

Perchance they see our glorious flag return,  
 Bringing remembrance of its conquests bold ;  
 And on their brow that banner seems to fling  
 A sombre shadow from each waving fold.

From land to land in peace 'tis wafted on,  
 But at St. Helena its course is stayed ;  
 For there, uprising from that crater dead,  
 Appears Napoleon's gigantic shade..

Him, from his tomb, the Hand of God has raised ;  
 “ I wait for thee, my glorious Flag,” he cries ;  
 “ All hail to thee ! ” then, breaking, casts his sword  
 In Ocean's depths, and soars into the skies.

Hear the last counsel of his genius stern :  
 The kingdom of the sword must ended be.  
 He, conq'ring all the sceptres of the earth,  
 For his successor chooses Liberty.<sup>10</sup>

Bring blossoms, Children, ye whose hands are pure,  
 Bring flowers, laurels, while the flambeau waves ;  
 Of our Three Days adorn the crowded tombs :  
 The nation, like the monarch, has its graves.

The titled faction, flatterers corrupt,<sup>11</sup>  
 This humble monument may slight in vain ;  
 In vain compare to drunkards' idle brawls,  
 The grand devotion of our heroes slain.

Children, in dreams 'tis said, with angel forms  
You talk at night, in accents sweet and pure ;  
Oh ! then predict to them the Future's praise,  
Which for these martyrs ever shall endure.

Tell them : Above your work God watches still ;<sup>12</sup>  
Let not our errors dim your holy mirth ;  
Your courage here has struck such mighty blows,  
Beneath them, still, is trembling all the earth.

But let all Europe rush upon our walls,  
That when the rival nations quick retreat,  
Fair Liberty shall spring up from the dust  
Carried away upon their horses' feet.<sup>13</sup>

In every place Equality shall shine ;  
The ancient laws, like ghosts, shall haunt the scene.  
The old world ends ; and of a world made new,  
Whose Louvre is Paris, France shall be the queen.

Children, the fruits of these Three Days are yours ;  
Your way is cleared by these brave, fallen friends.  
By blood-marked foot-prints on the soil of France,  
All men shall trace the road to noble ends.<sup>14</sup>

Bring blossoms, Children, ye whose hands are pure ;  
Bring flowers, laurels, while the flambeau waves !  
Of our Three Days adorn the crowded tombs :  
The nation, like the monarch, has its graves.

1. Three Days, generally called the July Days, meaning the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830, when the elder branch of the Bourbons was driven from the throne.

2. The leveller levels, that is, makes things equal,



puts them upon the same plane, does not allow one to be higher than another. This is what the revolutionist does under a legitimist government, when he strives to put down social ranks and make the same rights sacred for all citizens. Charles X. desired to stop the work of the levellers, and repress them by his "July Ordinances."

3. "While the king subscribed to a state of siege, Paris prepared for war. From five o'clock in the morning, students, clerks, workmen, citizens of all classes, assembled in the streets and squares armed with everything that could be used as a weapon. Some of the national guards, in uniform, began to appear among them. Those of them who did not march, gave up the arms that had not been taken from them while disbanding. The gunsmith's shops furnished others. Soon all these groups began to move; everywhere they break the escutcheons branded with the fleur-de-lis, on the shop signs and on the doors of ministerial officers. They seize the Hôtel de Ville; the white flag is pulled down; the tricolored flag appears at the windows of the famous chamber where the great scenes of the Revolution took place. A moment afterward the tricolored flag also floats from the towers of Notre Dame, and the great bell of the Cathedral sounds forth the dreadful tocsin of the 28th of July. The bell is heard, the flag is seen in the remotest parts of Paris, even at Saint-Cloud. The return of these three colors, symbolizing to the people the whole of modern France with all its glory, and its misfortunes equally dear, produces a great and unspeakable impression. The emotion increases when in the midst of the insurgents appear the uniforms of the Polytechnic School, so popular since the noble be-

havior of its members at the time of the defence of Paris in 1814. These energetic and intelligent young men had just supplied officers to the insurrection."

—HENRY MARTIN.

4. Napoleon was compelled to make a "*coup d'état*." He did this the 18th Brumaire. But what have you done to inspire us with fear or admiration? Dwarfs are not able to imitate giants.

5. The Charter that the Bourbons had granted, not wishing to receive it from the nation.

6. Yes, they know how a throne falls to pieces and how to precipitate its ruin. "The Parisian people displayed a marvelous instinct for war in the streets. This army, without a general, acted spontaneously, with as much uniformity as if it had been directed by a great captain. Officers at least were not wanting; a number of old military men figured in the ranks of the people. The effective combatants, who sustained the fire, were not very numerous, not from lack of ardor, but from want of arms. They quarrelled for the muskets and fowling-pieces. Projectiles of all kinds were substituted for them, and the whole population encouraged and aided the combatants. Women and children made cartridges, and brought food. All the gates were opened to the insurgents and closed to the soldiers. Such unanimity was never seen. It seemed as if there was no longer a royalist in Paris."—HENRY MARTIN.

7. It can truly be said the voice comes from above, from God, for He has created all men with the same love, and cannot desire laws to establish an inequality against which human nature protests. Equality is necessary to our happiness. Is it possible under a King? Béranger seemed to doubt it. However, under

Louis-Philippe, and even under Napoleon, all citizens were equal in the eyes of the law. The Revolution had established equality, and the Emperor finally sanctioned it by creating the most perfect of civil codes, called the "Napoleon Code." The Bourbons only, from 1815 to 1830, wished to reconsider the work of the French Revolution.

8. "The people of Paris have covered themselves with glory," says La Fayette; "and when I say the people, I mean the lowest classes of society, who at this time have been the highest; for the courage, intelligence, devotion and virtue of the Parisian people have been admirable."

9. What a glorious verse! These people, who had left on the battle-field, about fifty-three hundred dead and wounded, were generous and magnanimous. The same attention was bestowed upon their own wounded and those of the enemy, so that the king's Swiss-guard begged to be taken care of by the insurgents rather than be sent back to their regiment. And the uncommon honesty of the poor, who respected the possessions of the State, notwithstanding their misery and hunger! Was it not praiseworthy and wonderful? It reminds me of the admiration of an American pastor, professor in one of the large colleges, who said to me in 1870, at the time of the civil war in Paris: "What are these rebels in France who burn the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries, and pull down the Vendôme Column? Savages; monsters. How can they be monsters? They are great men who would die for a principle, who, never for a moment think of themselves, who are wholly devoted to the cause of their own flag. If such a revolution, in New York or London, had seized the public buildings,

the crowd would have thought only of pillaging and robbing." Henry Martin expresses similar admiration for the people who created the July Revolution: "We have spoken of the bravery and humanity of the July combatants; their disinterestedness is no less worthy of remembrance. Men in blouses, in rags, guarded the coffers of the two prefectures which contained several millions, anxiously watched over the treasures of art in the Louvre, and carried to the Hôtel de Ville valuable things found at the Tuileries. Malefactors escaped from the Conciergerie, having commenced to pillage in the palace of the Tuileries, the people quickly restored order, and shot one of the robbers as an example."

10. In this verse and the two preceding, the poet invokes the shade of his beloved hero, the idolized Emperor, in whom he would see nothing but the crowned representative of the Revolution. And who more suitable than he to send the first greeting to the three colors that reappeared in his "glorious flag?" And, peaceful contemplation! the conqueror does not rise from the tomb to recommence great conquests and to raise again his absolute power. No! he breaks his sword, and "as successor he chooses liberty."

11. This "titled faction" is the nobility or the legitimists who turn their back to the humble monument raised in memory of the soldiers who died for liberty.

12. Children, tell the heroes of July, when you see them in your dreams, that they did not die in vain; they need not be distressed at the blunders made by those who survive them; and that their victory has, for a long time, frightened the enemies of liberty.

13. This is the meaning of the verse: if foreign armies again enter Paris, Liberty will arise in their own

country from the dust carried away by their horses' hoofs.

14. On the subject of this exaltation of France by a French poet see the quotation from Louis Blanc, pages 183, 184.



## FAREWELL TO SONG.

*ADIEU, CHANSONS!*

In this farewell Béranger takes leave of all his songs, those of youth, pleasure and love ; and especially of the greatest and most powerful, which stand as a monument to his patriotism, and valiant warfare against the Bourbons. Since the enemy is overcome, he no longer has the inclination to sing or even to write songs. But the monarchy of July, too, will commit blunders, and the poet will again need his lash :

*Yes, my dear daughter, Song,  
I once declared to thee,  
With Charles Tenth and his heirs,  
Thou would'st dethroned be ;  
But every law they make  
Recalls thee here again :  
Song, take once more thy crown.  
I thank you, Gentlemen !*

*I hoped henceforth to see  
A world new-made and fine,  
Filling a larger sphere  
Than that of '89.  
But no ! instead, they build  
A blackened throne again :  
Song, take once more thy crown.  
I thank you, Gentlemen !*



*Thee then I re-instate,  
 My sweetheart as of old ;  
 Unliv'ried lift thy face,  
 The Colors Three uphold.  
 Fear not imprisonment  
 In Poissy's walls again :  
 Song, take once more thy crown.  
 I thank you, Gentlemen !*

And then there is something else beside country to love, praise and defend,—humanity, which appeals more loudly to a noble soul than country: this it is which will suggest to the poet, who as yet does not dream of them, his most beautiful and most immortal ballads, “The Old Vagabond,” “Jacques,” “The Gypsies,” “The Four Historic Ages,” “The Fools,” etc.

Of late, to keep my fading garland green,  
 I tried to give some sportive measure birth ;  
 When lo ! beside me was the Fairy seen,  
 My nurse of yore upon the tailor's hearth : <sup>1</sup>  
 “The wind,” she said, “upon thy head blows bleak,  
 A shelter find, for darksome night is nigh ;  
 With twenty years the voice may well be weak <sup>2</sup>  
 That never sang but when the storm was high.”  
 Then Song, farewell ! bare is my wrinkled brow ;—  
 'Tis time the bird were still ; the wind is rising now.

“Those days are over when thy heart would bound,  
 And like a harp to every tone reply ;  
 When mirth its playful lightnings scattered 'round,  
 And made a sunshine in the darkest sky.  
 Now narrower grows the heav'n, more deep the gloom ;  
 No more the joyous laugh of friends we hear :  
 Where are they sleeping ? In the silent tomb ; <sup>3</sup>  
 Lisette herself is but a shadow dear.”  
 Then Song, farewell ! bare is my wrinkled brow ;—  
 'Tis time the bird were still ; the wind is rising now.



" Bless thou thy lot ; thy simple strains have led  
     The high-born Muse to be the poor man's guest,  
 And wafted on the wings of song, have sped  
     Their way to many a rude, unlettered breast.  
 Your orators a learned throng must find ;  
     Thou didst more boldly against kings conspire,  
 And to the music of the street hast joined  
     The high and solemn accents of thy lyre ! " <sup>4</sup>  
 Then Song, farewell ! bare is my wrinkled brow ;—  
 'Tis time the bird were still ; the wind is rising now.

" Thy pointed shafts that never spared the throne,  
     Fast as they fell, were gathered from the plain,  
 From hand to hand conveyed, and boldly thrown  
     By laughing thousands to their goal again.  
 In vain that throne its thunders would recall,  
     Three Days, and rusty muskets, tamed its pride ;  
 For every shot which pierced its purple pall,  
     Who, but thy Muse, the powder has supplied ? " <sup>5</sup>  
 Then Song, farewell ! bare is my wrinkled brow ;—  
 'Tis time the bird were still ; the wind is rising now.

" Proud was thy share in that immortal strife,  
     Tho' from the plunder thou hast turned away ; <sup>6</sup>  
 The bright remembrance, crowning all thy life,  
     Shall gild with sunlight its declining day.  
 Go thou, to younger men repeat the tale ;  
     Guide thou their bark,—point out the rocks below ;  
 And when with pride France shall thy pupils hail,  
     Warm thy cold winter at their youthful glow. " <sup>7</sup>  
 Then Song, farewell ! bare is my wrinkled brow ;—  
 'Tis time the bird were still ; the wind is rising now.

Yes, my good Fairy, at my humble door  
     I hear thy knock, which warns me to be gone,  
 Soon in my garret shall I meet once more  
     Oblivion, of repose the sire and son. <sup>7</sup>

Haply some friends, old comrades in the fight,  
 When I am dead, with tearful eyes will say :  
 " His star, amid our darkest clouds, waxed bright ;  
 And ere it faded, God withdrew its ray. "

Then Song, farewell ! bare is my wrinkled brow ;—  
 'Tis time the bird were still ; the wind is rising now.

1. Concerning this fairy, see the ballad entitled " The Tailor and the Fairy."

2. Nearly twenty years, since 1813 with " The King of Yvetot," until 1830.

3. Many of his friends have already passed away ; there comes a time in life when the greater number of those one loves are on the other side of the grave, and thus one holds communion with the dead, more than with the living. Let us hope that these lost ones are not dead, but that some day we shall find them again, more alive, more beautiful and loving, than we have ever known them here below.

4. Béranger would have liked writers and poets to think more of the people : " I have sometimes thought that if contemporary poets had reflected that henceforth letters must be cultivated for the people, they would have envied me the small palm, that, in their absence I have gathered, and which, doubtless, had been lasting, united with more illustrious ones. When I speak of the people, I mean the masses, the lowest classes, if you will. In consequence of deeply-rooted habit, we judge them still with prejudice. They appear to us only as an uneducated mob, incapable of exalted, generous and loving impressions.

" However, if poetry remains in the world, I am sure that it is in their ranks it must be sought for. Let us

endeavor then to make it for them ; but to accomplish this we must study the people, and not take delight in making them hideous, for the enthusiasm of courage and liberty has often shone on their faded and weary countenances, and under their tattered garments flows blood which they pour forth abundantly at the cry of their country. We must describe them when their soul is lifted up. Then they are beautiful."

5. Béranger is proud of having supplied so much powder to destroy the throne of the Bourbons. This is an honor recognized by all parties, enemies as well as friends : "The Legitimist party, which has always judged me, as an author, with extreme kindness, has accused me of having done more than any other writer, towards the overthrow of the dynasty thrust upon us by the foreigner. I accept this accusation as an honor for myself and as a triumph for song."

6. It is impossible to feel too much admiration for the disinterestedness of the song-writer, and his love for a simple and quiet life. The day after a victory toward which he had contributed so much, he refuses all honors and public offices, and desires to remain in retirement :

*" Ah no ! my friends, I wish for nothing here,  
Let others have the gifts refused by me,  
I was not born for courts and royal cheer,  
I flee from kings ; a timid bird you see,  
Who only asks for friends of his own station,  
A frugal meal, and merry conversation.  
The blessing of my youth vouchsafed to me  
Taught me the lesson of humility."*

" At fifty years of age, when I saw power close at hand, I only looked at it by the way, as in my indigent

youth I amused myself by watching the chances of the game, before a gaming-table loaded with gold, without envying those who held the cards."

7. No, this oblivion will not be his lot: he is as immortal as any other poet of this century, for he has carried to perfection the style he has chosen. As La Fontaine is "the writer of fables," Béranger will be "the song-writer," for posterity.



## THE SNAILS.

### *LES ESCARGOTS.*

1840.

The snail is intended to represent the common citizen. One must enter into the spirit of Béranger and adopt the views of the intellectual élite of society, in order to describe this character and despise him as much as he deserves. The citizen took precedence in 1840, during the reign of Louis-Philippe, the citizen king and king of citizens. He assumed airs of importance and was as arrogant and contemptible in the eyes of the people, as the old nobility had ever been in the eyes of the rest of the nation.

"Voyez comme ils font les gros dos,  
Ces beaux messieurs les escargots."

This "clumsy snail," says the poet, treats the poor man as a low person, without property or civil rights.

A coward in the face of danger, thinking only of himself, an egotist, growing rich by another's toil, he is a

boor who understands neither beauty nor greatness, who makes laws, schools, churches and a God according to his own low ideas. He is the rich man in society, the parvenu, the merchant, grocer, shop-keeper (take all these terms in a satirical sense), the Beotian of Greece, the Philistine of England and America, the men whom John Bright admired and Matthew Arnold despised.

John Bright and the newspapers declare Philistines to be, "That section of the community which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature, which has done all the great things that have been done in all departments, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have still to be done. They are the salt of the earth."—Poor salt!

"The English middle class," (the Philistines), says Matthew Arnold, "presents us at this day, for our actual needs, and for the purposes of national civilization, with a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. For the building up of human life, as men are now beginning to see, there are needed not only the powers of industry and conduct, but the power, also, of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. And that type of life of which our middle class in England are in possession is one by which neither the claims of intellect and knowledge are satisfied, nor the claim of beauty, nor the claims of social life and manners.

"Consider these people, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at



them attentively ; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds : would any amount of wealth be worth having, with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it ? ”

Flying from home on lodgings bent,  
My house beneath the bailiff's sway,  
A snail, quite stout and impudent,  
Contemptuously barred the way.<sup>1</sup>  
See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

Amidst his scorn, he seemed to say :  
“ A beggar vile, 'tis very clear,  
Who is without a roof to-day,<sup>2</sup>  
While I, a snail, am owner here.”  
See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

Before his pearly palace rare<sup>3</sup>  
The creature struts in slime alone ;  
A Bourgeois with a Cross to wear,—  
Proud of a house to call his own.  
See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

He never need remove at all ;  
He never has his rent to pay ;  
Should danger on his neighbor fall,  
He shuts his door without delay.<sup>4</sup>  
See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
These gallant snails, self-satisfied.



Too dull, disquietude to know,  
 He takes the best, whate'er befalls ;  
 Grows fat and reaps what others sow,<sup>5</sup>  
 And soils the branch on which he crawls.  
 See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
 These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

In vain arouse him to perceive  
 The songs of birds beneath the sky ;  
 The rustic scarcely can conceive  
 That they can either sing or fly.<sup>6</sup>  
 See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
 These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

Perhaps this Bourgeois may be right.  
 Fie on the little soul he hides !  
 To live alone is better quite :  
 One can push others out besides.  
 See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
 These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

Within two Chambers, as I hear,  
 Assembling legislators meet ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Many a Deputy and Peer  
 Makes the resemblance most complete.  
 See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
 These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

If it were possible for me  
 To crawl as they do, I would plead  
 I might a snail elector be,  
 An eligible snail indeed.  
 See how they swell, puffed up with pride ;  
 These gallant snails, self-satisfied.

1. The snail is clumsy : the citizen is known by his boorishness. He has none of the exquisite politeness of

the old aristocracy, nor the superior politeness, simple and kind, which belongs to the aristocracy of intelligence and heart.

2. The proletaries compose the most indigent class of a nation, that which lives by the labor of its hands, and possesses nothing, neither lands nor dwelling, not even a hut.

3. The inside of the snail's shell is like pearl.

4. What an egotist! It matters little to him that his neighbors suffer or perish.

5. He fattens by the toil of the people, and this toil causes him neither trouble nor fatigue. He is too silly to feel anxiety in the midst of his riches, and to understand these words of George Sand: "The well-being that one does not hope to share with others, and that one enjoys without being able to extend it to all his fellows, causes remorse which oppresses the soul and disturbs slumber." O noble woman! snails, favorites and worshippers of the golden calf, must laugh at thy opinion, as the American Philistines laughed when M. Agassiz said to them one day: "I cannot afford to make money." Can they imagine that there is a more important and higher occupation for man than that of amassing riches, riches for self alone?

6. This boor of a snail does not understand that man can sing or soar, sing or feel like poets, and raise himself above material things. To eat, drink, and sleep well, to live in a palace, to be surrounded by luxury, and have all the comforts of life, that is his dream, his only aspiration. After this life he will not understand paradise, and will desire to return to the low things of earth.

7. In France there was a Chamber of Deputies and a Chamber of Peers under Louis-Philippe, as under the Restoration.

## THE CRICKET.

*LE GRILLON.*

FONTAINEBLEAU, 1836.

There is nothing more lovely in French poetry than this song, and nothing in the world more touching than the meeting of the two singers, Béranger and the cricket, at the same fireside. And how much they resemble each other! Their lives are alike, they have the same audience of simple, good people, "children, workmen, and villagers." One of the two, says that. But who is too rich, too great, or too learned, if he has a soul, not to stop when either voice is heard, and what man is so bound to the earth that he cannot feel charmed by them, and carried away into gentle dreams or noble and elevating thoughts? And the poet as well as the insect is without a care in the world. The latter delights in the lonely and silent fields, or the peasant's humble fireside. The other was never so happy as in the garret where he lived in his youth :

"In a garret one lives well, at twenty years of age!"

"I lived on the boulevard Saint-Martin, in a garret on the sixth floor. What a fine view I enjoyed there! How I loved to look down, in the evening, on the immense city, when the noise of a heavy storm mingled with the sounds constantly heard! I settled myself in this garret with unspeakable satisfaction, without money and without certainty of the future. To live alone and write verses at my ease seemed happiness to me." Later, when his songs brought him many admirers, the poet refused with firmness all honors; those which Louis-

Philippe wished him to accept in 1830; those to which the Academy called him in the offer of a chair; and, even greater and more tempting honors, a seat in the constituent Assembly of the Republic, in 1848. "My sixty-eight years," he said to the electors of Paris, "my uncertain health, my habits of mind, and my character spoiled by long independence dearly bought, render impossible the highly honorable position you wish to thrust upon me. Dear fellow-citizens, have you not found this out? I can live and think only in retirement. Yes, to it, I owe the small amount of good sense for which I have been sometimes praised. In the midst of noise and commotion I am no longer myself; and the surest way to unsettle my brain, from whence perhaps has come more than one useful piece of advice, would be to place me on the bench of an assembly. There, sad and silent, I should be trodden under the feet of those who dispute for the rostrum which I am not able to ascend. I cannot feel at ease, speak, or even read in public, and for me, more than ten persons constitute the public."

Beside my hearth I stir the coals,  
And dreaming, many visions see;  
I still must sing, though I am old,  
Come, little cricket, sing with me.  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.

How like our lives now seem to be;  
If children laugh to hear thy voice,  
Artisan, soldier, villager,  
At mine have made the night rejoice.  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.

I wonder, 'neath thy curious form,  
If some small sprite is hid away,  
Who comes to see if any sin  
In this old hermit's heart doth stay.  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.

Art thou, perchance, a hidden sylph,  
Or some kind fairy's little page,  
Whom she hath sent to ask of me  
What use the heart is at my age?  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.

But, no ! in thee I would believe  
An author lives, who long ago,  
Died of the cold in lodgings poor,<sup>1</sup>  
Watching for glory, through the snow.  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.

The doctor, tribune, minister,  
The author most, all wish to shine ;  
God give to each his heart's desire :  
Poor little insect, give thee thine.<sup>2</sup>  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.

Glory ! the wise disdain to care  
For what the foolish so desire.  
Happy the man in quiet work,  
With faith and love and peaceful lyre.  
Little cricket, happy we,  
From the world's ambitions free.<sup>3</sup>

Envy, with cruel threats, makes war  
 On every celebrated name ;  
 In fact, so little is this world,  
 The less we are, the least to blame.  
 Little cricket, happy we,  
 From the world's ambitions free.

Ah ! if thou wert what I have thought,  
 Smile at the fate thou then didst choose ;  
 And know that what we gain in fame  
 We still in independence lose.  
 Little cricket, happy we,  
 From the world's ambitions free.

Beside the fire, quite at our ease,  
 Singing, each cheers the other's lot ;  
 Thou in thy hole, I in my chair,  
 Let us ask God to live forgot.  
 Little cricket, happy we,  
 From the world's ambitions free.

1. Béranger thinks that an old writer lives in his cricket, whose soul has passed into the modest musician. During his former existence he sought fame, and was so unsuccessful he died of cold in his miserable dwelling. Now he lives in a chimney in the form of a cricket. Oh, vain designs of men ! What a mistake to seek renown, when it is so often necessary, for its attainment, to sacrifice independence, the greatest of all possessions.

2. What a small insect man is in the vast universe ! We struggle for the first and best place on a grain of sand. Nevertheless, we are greater than the universe, Pascal would say, because we recognize our littleness, while the universe is not aware of its greatness.



3. "In a moment you will be nothing more than ashes, a skeleton, a name, or not even a name. And the name is only a sound, an echo. What we value so highly in life is only emptiness, unsoundness, littleness : we are like fighting dogs, quarrelsome children, who laugh one moment and weep the next ! Glory is an illusion, if we consider what men are."

—MARCUS-AURELIUS.



## THE ELVES OF MONTLHÉRI.

### *LES LUTINS DE MONTLHÉRI.*

In the good old time people believed in the world of spirits, miracles, fairies, gnomes, elves, and goblins, saints and angels, who associated with men, and sometimes contracted friendships with them ; as Saint Catherine did with Joan of Arc, to whom, in the latter part of her glorious career, she was like an elder sister, an inseparable friend, consoling her night and day, as her martyrdom drew near. Science which explains all the phenomena of nature, the worship of material interests, positivism, occupations that reduce everything to a money calculation, and the mocking laugh of Voltaire and philosophers, in the face of him who believes in the thing he cannot touch, analyze, and demonstrate, all these have banished spirits, who weep and cry :—

*"Reason, from the old donjon-keep  
Has banished us who vainly weep.  
Our reign has passed away."*

Is this happiness ? For my part I am saddened by it. Imagination adds such a charm to life ! With it and

the simple faith of the early days of Christianity or of paganism, poetry too has taken its flight. Our life is cold, one might say we were at the point of death ; there is no longer anything that revives us, no longer does God inspire us and draw us to lofty themes.

If the Messiah were to return to the world to-day, He would not be recognized, so much has He been altered : repulsed by society, He would be crucified by Christians as He was by the Jews. And if Joan of Arc had been in our midst in 1870, would she have been able to induce a whole nation to believe in the voices she heard, in the archangel Michael, and Saint Catherine ? You answer, no. Ah ! this cold reason, of which we are so proud, would then have prevented her from inspiring brave men, and leading them under her banner to victory, and the deliverance of the country. Our skepticism has driven away gods, heroes, and knights, as well as elves, fairies, and sorcerers. We possess reason that investigates, we no longer have imagination that creates.

Weary and lone, one midnight hour,  
I shelter sought from wind and storm,  
In Montlhéri's ruined tower ;<sup>1</sup>  
There as I sang, to cheer myself,  
Came a long laugh of fay or elf,—  
I heard it, spite of falling shower,  
And terror chilled my form.  
Then loud and clear I heard one say :  
“ Our reign has passed away.”

The Jack-o-lanterns lit the shade,  
And soon that voice, the voice of one,  
Was blent with cries in chorus made  
By many elves and fairy-folk,  
In tow'r and dewy glade ;

A trumpet shrill the echoes woke,  
The elfin congress was begun ;  
And louder rang the mournful lay :  
“ Our reign has passed away.”

“ No more we'll feast while mortals sleep !  
Let us depart, oh, spirit-band !  
For Reason, by researches deep,  
Has banished us from donjon-keep  
And drives us from the land.  
We're sought no more at set of sun ;  
By men alone are wonders done ;  
Our oracles have lost their sway :  
Our reign has passed away.

“ We to the ancient Grecians led  
Those gods, create for love alone,  
Whose everlasting youth was fed  
By flow'rs and incense sweet.  
Where Druids gray, in green retreat,  
Poured human blood on altar-stone,  
For us that blood was shed.<sup>2</sup>  
Now, e'en where village children play,  
Our reign has passed away.<sup>3</sup>

“ One saw, in bannered halls of old,  
The Paladin and Troubadour,  
Captive around our footsteps hold  
Lover, and saint, and monarch bold,  
Until the song was o'er.  
Beneath our magic power we've seen  
The angry heavens grow serene.  
Now skeptics laugh, and scornful say :  
‘ Your reign has passed away.’

" Our rule would Reason exorcise ;  
 Let us depart, and ne'er return."  
 The voice was still ;—but, oh, surprise !  
 Down sank the ruin gray.  
 From haunt belov'd, from dell and burn,  
 Forth rushed the elves in rapid flight ;  
 And faintly heard along the night,  
 Came back the notes of that sad lay :  
 " Our reign has passed away."

1. At the present day nothing remains of the strong castle of the lords of Montlhéri, (in Seine-et-Oise), but an old tower in ruins. It was there the poet met the elves.

2. The priests of Gaul, the Druids, offered human sacrifices.

3. Not in the village. Read George Sand's book on this interesting subject: " A walk through the village." Nocturnal visions are still met with in the country. The peasant has hallucinations, but he is so much more in affinity with nature than we are. " I believe that there is a multitude of small nocturnal phenomena, explosions or incandescences of gas, condensations of vapor, subterranean noises, celestial spectres, small aërolites, strange and unnoticed ways, perturbation even among animals, how can I explain it? Mysterious affinities or sharp disturbances of nature's laws, that *savants* observe by chance, and peasants, in their continual contact with the elements, notice every moment without being able to account for them."

And these simple people believe, too, that animals speak on Christmas night. " During the midnight mass, animals talk, and the farmer must refrain from listening

to their conversation. On one occasion, Father Casseriot, who was weak in the matter of curiosity, could not resist listening to the remarks made by his ox and his ass.— ‘Why are you so sad, and why do you eat nothing?’ said the ox. ‘Ah! my poor old friend, I am in great trouble,’ replied the ass; ‘we have never had such a good master, and we are about to lose him!’ ‘That would be a great pity,’ said the ox, who had a calm and philosophical mind. ‘Three days hence he will not be in this world,’ said the ass, whose sensibility was greater and whose voice shook with emotion. ‘It is a great pity, a great pity,’ replies the ox, chewing his cud.

“Father Casseriot was so much alarmed, he forgot to use his charm, hurried into bed, was seized with a high fever, and died in three days.”

George Sand declares these primitive organizations happy, to whom the secrets of the supernatural world are revealed, and who have the gift of seeing and hearing such strange things. She holds the same opinion on this subject as Musset, and all poets.

## THE GYPSIES.

*LES BOHÉMIENS.*

I leave all that is to be said about this song to Sainte-Beuve :—

“ ‘ The Gypsies ’ and ‘ The Memories of the People,’ published in 1828, showed in the simplicity of Béranger’s writings an unforeseen progress in grandeur and pathos, and an impartial, generalized poetry, too, breathing of free manners, taking hold of the natural instincts of the common people, and with a bearing no longer political, but social.”

And again : “ ‘ The Gypsies ’ is one of those ballads, or philosophical fancies, with a lively rhythm, light, cheerful, fascinating ; perhaps it is the best, the most beautiful, and most perfect of those songs I call impartial, and which owe nothing to circumstances.”

Sorcerers, jugglers, strolling band,  
     Ye remnants cast  
     From an ancient past,—  
 Sorcerers, jugglers, strolling band,  
 Whence come ye, Gypsies, to this our land ?

Whence come we ? no one knoweth well.  
     Canst trace aright  
     The swallow’s flight ?  
 Whence come we ? no one knoweth well ;  
 And where are we going ?—Ah ! who can tell ?

Without a country, king, or laws,  
     Our life so free  
     Might envied be ;  
 Without a country, king, or laws,  
 A man is happy one day out of three.<sup>1</sup>



Quite independent from our birth,  
    No church we know,  
    Where waters flow  
With cleansing pow'r ; but at our birth  
We're hailed by the fifer and songs of mirth.<sup>2</sup>

From infancy our steps are free,  
    On this world's plain,  
    Where errors reign ;  
From infancy our steps are free,  
Not swathed in prejudice are we.<sup>3</sup>

The crowd, on whom our tricks we play,  
    Are awed by a look  
    At our great Black Book ;  
The crowd, on whom our tricks we play,  
Believe in magicians and saints alway.

Find we a rich man on the road,  
    Our merry band  
    Some coins demand ;  
Find we a rich man on the road,  
We sing our thanks for the alms bestowed.

Poor wand'ring birds whom God has blest,  
    Deemed all unmeet  
    For the city street ;  
Poor wand'ring birds whom God has blest,  
In the deep green woods we build our nest.

We grope for Love, like mortals blind,  
    And wear his yoke  
    With hearts of oak ;  
We grope for Love, like mortals blind,  
And draw the car where he sits enshrined.

Thou wouldst feel lost if, for an hour,—  
     Thou scholar wise,  
     In flimsy guise,—  
 Thou shouldst lose sight, but for an hour,  
 Of the weather-cock on thy village tower.

Seeing is having ; then haste along !  
     Life on the wing  
     Is a jolly thing ;  
 Seeing is having ; then haste along  
 To see and possess, like a conq'ring throng.<sup>4</sup>

In every place man hears the knell,  
     Whether he roam,  
     Or rust at home ;  
 In every place he hears the knell :  
 “Thou art born, good-day ; thou diest, farewell.”

Whene'er we die, or young or old,  
     Short is the dole :  
     “God rest his soul !”  
 Then, man or maiden, young or old,  
 To the doctor's student the corpse is sold.

We Gypsies, then, though free from pride,  
     From laws that pain  
     Like a heavy chain ;  
 We Gypsies, then, though free from pride,  
 Have a cradle, a home, a grave, denied.

But let our merriment attest  
     To priest and earl,  
     To king and churl,—  
 Let this our merriment attest :  
 The *free* with Happiness are blest.<sup>5</sup>

1. Are they happier than we? It is very certain they are not inclined to give up their roving life: they dread the yoke of laws and kings, and consider themselves happy in having no country to serve.

2. Independence is their happiness, and it is so great that they sacrifice everything to it.

3. "Without prejudices!" Another advantage they possess over us, which is very great. Our society is full of prejudices which render it foolish and ridiculous, often even unjust and cruel.

4. What disdain of property, and how they place themselves above the richest men, who only possess a small portion of land, in comparison with the vast space that Gypsies can see and travel over.

5. Happiness is liberty: this is the conclusion of the ballad. If liberty is not perfect happiness, we can at least say, there is no happiness for man without it, so long as he has not lost his manly dignity.

## THE OLD VAGABOND.

*LE VIEUX VAGABOND.*

This is one of Béranger's greatest songs. It was called forth by his love for the people, the poor people, those whom our defective social organization condemns to vagrancy, to wander hither and thither over the world, like exiles, without home, without shelter, without bread, unless it is bread bestowed by charity, covered with rags, while the rich display before them luxury and wealth ; and deprived of work in a world that produces by steam, and accumulates without cessation the treasures of life.

After 1830, many writers, among them Lamennais, George Sand, Saint-Simon, Fourier, were moved by the misery of the people and anxious about their future. They conceived noble projects for social improvement, very difficult to realize, capable of being realized, however, and which will some day be carried out to protect and save the rich as well as the poor. "It is from this social, human mine of a more just and truly universal civilization," says Sainte-Beuve, "that the painfully beautiful inspirations of poor 'Jacques,' and 'The Old Vagabond,' are drawn. Béranger dramatized, under these popular forms, a powerless political economy as well as a system of crushing taxation ; he has fully touched upon the question of real equality, the right of each one to work, to possess, to live, the question, in one word, of the proletariat."

The question of the proletariat is so important, and so greatly concerns the future of the world, that it is right and incumbent upon us all to consider these powerful

words of Louis Blanc, the great historian of the French Revolution :

“ There is a tyranny composed of ignorance, neglect, bad examples, griefs of soul that find no comforter, lawful desires unjustly repressed, human nature thrown as a prey to chance. And this impalpable but too real tyranny, which the revolutionists of 1789 could not dream of destroying, is called misery ; its victim is whosoever is suffering for food, clothing and lodging, in a country of abundant harvests, shops loaded with valuable materials, and unoccupied palaces ; it engenders not only sorrow but crime. Here is an unfortunate being who has been born in despair and vice. His understanding has not emerged from the darkness. Indigence has brought him frightful temptations. His hand has never been pressed by the hand of a friend. No voice has awakened in him echoes of tenderness and love. Young, he has passed through the age of flowers and sunshine without enjoying it. Now, if he becomes guilty, appeal to justice to interpose ; our safety requires it. But do not forget that your social order has not extended to this unfortunate one the protection due to his weakness. Do not forget that his free will has been perverted from the cradle ; that an iniquitous fatality has weighed upon his soul ; that he has felt hunger and cold, that he has not learned goodness, . . . although he is your brother, and your God is also the God of the poor, the weak, the ignorant, and all suffering and immortal beings.”

Within this ditch where I have sunk,

I'll end my days, old, tired and weak.<sup>1</sup>

The passers-by say : “ He is drunk ; ”

'Tis well ! no pity do I seek.<sup>2</sup>

Some look, and turn their heads away ;  
Some throw me pence as they pass by ;<sup>3</sup>  
Haste on, and seek the dance or play :  
Alone the Vagabond can die.<sup>4</sup>

Yes, of old age I'm dying here,  
For hunger does not kill, they say.  
I hoped the hospital would cheer  
And soothe at least my dying day ;  
But everywhere, " No room," I meet ;  
So many people are forlorn !  
My cradle was the noisy street,  
And I can die where I was born.

To workmen, in my early youth,  
I said : Oh teach me now a trade.<sup>5</sup>  
" We have no work to spare, in sooth,  
Go beg !" said they ; and I obeyed.  
" Go work !" the rich to me have said ;  
The bones were mine when feasts were o'er,  
Their straw I found a pleasant bed ;—  
The Vagrant will not curse them more.<sup>6</sup>

I might have been a robber bold ;  
But no ; far better beg each day.  
At most I've robbed the branches old  
Whose apples ripe hung o'er my way.  
Yet twenty times the bolts they slide,  
That shut me into dungeons drear ;  
My only wealth is left outside :  
Old Vagrants love the sunlight clear.<sup>7</sup>

The poor, what country then has he ?  
What good to me your corn and wine ?  
Your glory and your industry,  
And orators at Justice' shrine ?



When to the foe your cities bowed,  
 What foolish, bitter tears I shed ;  
 The foreigner waxed great and proud,  
 The Vagrant lacked his daily bread.<sup>8</sup>

Like insects made to do you harm,  
 Oh, Men, why not destroy me quite ?  
 I might have worked with brain or arm,  
 To bless my race, if taught aright.  
 The larva, sheltered from the wind,  
 Becomes the frugal ant, or bee.  
 We might have loved as brothers kind ;  
 The Vagrant dies,—your enemy.<sup>9</sup>

1. He is like La Fontaine's wood-cutter. After sorrowfully looking back upon his sad and gloomy past, he longs for death.

2. He who has been overwhelmed with so many insults during his life, does not care to have his memory respected.

3. Ignoble rich, who turn away their heads or throw the coin, instead of placing it in the hand of the unfortunate, and hastening to lift him out of the mire.

4. What contempt and bitterness in these last two lines !

5. Is it possible that society can be so bad as to refuse to teach a trade to the poor who ask for it ?

6. This generosity of the old man is cruel derision.

7. Once more, is that society well organized that imprisons the man who begs his bread, after having refused him the means of gaining it ? It is a fact, however, that there are men in our midst who do not find work, and who would die of hunger were they not assisted, not by the rich, but by their brethren, the other poor.

8. Poor old vagabond, he wept over his country's misfortunes, he to whom that country gave no share in its blessings.

9. This last verse is grand and profound, full of instruction and warning for us all. Let us be careful about the future! If we do not once more become Christians, that is, charitable and loving to our brethren, if we are not, to some extent, for our outcasts what Monseigneur Bienvenu was for Jean Valjean, the future is heavy with storms and tumults.



#### JACQUES.

“After 1830, when the struggle was over, political questions were of secondary importance, much graver social questions presented themselves. Systems succeed each other. Lamennais makes his angry outcry; the horizon darkens. The common people murmur and grow impatient. One can foresee terrible outbreaks. Béranger sympathizes with the rebellious proletariat. See ‘Red-haired Joan,’ ‘The Poacher,’ ‘The Smugglers,’ ‘Jacques,’ ‘Nostradamus,’ ‘The Fools.’

“This is the secret of his popularity. He followed every movement of popular feeling; he sang of and flattered all. Moderate, prudent, calculating, he became revolutionary.”—PAUL ALBERT.

Who would not become revolutionary, witnessing such sights as the condition of Jacques presents to us? One must have a very hard heart not to be moved and shocked when reading this ballad. Can the rich, who accumu-

late useless treasures for their own benefit, read it without remorse and uneasiness? (See the introduction to the preceding ballad.)

Dear Jacques, I must disturb thy sleep ;  
In the village a bailiff stout,  
Followed by watchmen, roams about.  
He comes for the Tax ; alas ! I weep.  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

Look up : the night has passed away ;  
Thou ne'er hast slept so late before.  
To sell old Remi's scanty store,  
They seized his goods ere break of day.  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

We've not a cent ! Ah, hear the gate !  
Hark, how the dogs are barking there.  
Pay in a month ; make that thy prayer.  
Oh ! if the King would only wait !  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

Poor folk ! the tax upon us laid  
Robs us of all that we might gain ;  
We have,—nine people to sustain,—  
Only my distaff and thy spade.  
Awake, Jacques ; awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

For this poor hut and lot of land,  
A heavy rent we're forced to pay.  
With sweating brow we till the clay ;  
The harvest fills the landlord's hand.  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

Plenty of work, but little gold ;  
When shall we taste a bit of meat,  
And salt, to us as sugar sweet ?  
All wholesome food so high is sold !  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

Some wine to thee would courage bring,  
But taxes make it hard to buy ;  
To get for thee a small supply,  
I'll sell to-day my wedding ring.  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

Art dreaming now that some good fay  
Will give thee riches and estate ?  
The taxes seem but, to the great,  
As rats that steal some grain away.  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
The king's bailiff is coming here.

He enters ! How I fear,—Oh, saints !  
Thou speakest not ! How pale thou art !  
Last night a pain was at thy heart,  
Though seldom dost thou make complaints !  
Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ;  
M'sieur the king's bailiff is here !

She calls in vain ; he's done with life.  
To those tired out with want and toil,  
Death's bed is sweet beneath the soil.  
But pray, good people, for his wife.  
“Awake, Jacques, awake, dear ,  
M'sieur the king's bailiff is here !”

## RED-HAIRED JOAN.

*JEANNE LA ROUSSE.*

Plato calls the chase a divine exercise ; and Gaston Phébus said of this amusement, formerly reserved for kings and the nobility : " The chase serves to drive away all mortal sins ; a good huntsman has joy and pleasure in this life, and hereafter will have paradise." And he adds that if hunters, in the realm of eternal joy, are not always sure of having the places of honor, they may at least expect to dwell in the lower courts, because they will have avoided idleness, which is the source of all evil.

All that is true, but to be thus happy in this world and the next, a shooting-license is necessary, which costs twenty-five francs a year. The poor man who cannot produce this sum becomes a poacher. If he is discovered by the police, he is punished by fine and imprisonment.

Béranger, who pities this unfortunate being, as he commiserated all the common people, expresses his sympathy in the touching ballad, " Red-haired Joan."

A baby sleeps upon her breast,  
A child she carries on her back ;  
His cold bare feet, in wooden shoes,  
The eldest drags along the track.  
Afar the prisoner-father see,  
Whom the stern guards so long have sought.  
God, take care of red-haired Joan,  
Since the poacher now is caught.

I've seen her happy and well drest,  
Reading or chatting, singing, gay ;  
The schoolmaster's beloved child,  
By her good heart she pleased away.

Dancing beneath the chestnut tree,  
Her soft white hand I've often sought.  
God, take care of red-haired Joan,  
Since the poacher now is caught.

A farmer, rich, of her own age,  
Whom she had hoped one day to wed,  
Quitted the village in a rage  
Because they mocked her tresses red.  
Poor, dowerless Joan saw two or three  
Pass by, who might her love have sought.  
God, take care of red-haired Joan,  
Since the poacher now is caught.

The vagabond said, "Red or blonde,  
Thee for my wife I hope to gain ;  
I have a lodge, and three good guns,  
The guards will make their rounds in vain.  
To bless my bed upon the moss  
We'll have the castle-chaplain brought."  
God, take care of red-haired Joan,  
Since the poacher now is caught.

Sweet cares of wife and mother came  
To fill her days, as children three  
Were born to Joan in shady glen ;  
Her couch was 'neath a greenwood tree.  
Poor children ! fresh as sweet spring buds,  
A joy in bitter travail brought.  
God, take care of red-haired Joan,  
Since the poacher now is caught.

Joan, faithful, sees each duty done,—  
A loving heart works wonders rare ;  
She smiles to know that each young son  
Will have his father's raven hair ;



She smiles to find her gentle voice  
 Has hope unto her captive brought.  
 God, take care of red-haired Joan,  
 Since the poacher now is caught.



## THE FOUR HISTORIC AGES.

## LES QUATRE ÂGES HISTORIQUES.

“‘The Four Historic Ages’ broaches the same subject as ‘Jacques,’ and ‘The Old Vagabond,’ but in a direct way, and in a grave lyrical and didactic style: it is the majestic hymn of philosophy, the ‘golden verses’ of the new science.”—SAINTE-BEUVE.

This new science is a science composed of love and generosity, which is designed to reform society, to establish on the earth equality among all men, to give all a large share in the blessings of life, those of body and mind; in short, to put an end to wars that divide nations, and to unite all in one single family. To lead us into this ideal world, Christ came among us nearly nineteen centuries ago. He left us His rule of life in the Sermon on the Mount. But alas! this has not yet been understood, at least, Christians have not yet consented to practice it. So Béranger seems discouraged in his last verse. Would the new science then, only be a dream, an imaginary thing?

*O human family, all hail to thee!  
 But why this song of love, this tuneful lay?  
 The bright camp fire, the glitt'ring sword we see,  
 And shadows hide the dawning light of day.*

Even at this moment there are more soldiers under arms than the world has ever seen. Europe has a contingent of ten millions of men ready to fight and kill each other.

Society, thou old and sombre dome,  
Thy fall, alas ! endangers every home ;  
That fall is near ; no friendly torch's light  
Can guide the thunder through thy wreck, aright.  
Where are we hasting ? E'en the brave and wise,  
In doubting thought, look forth with clouded eyes. <sup>1</sup>  
Great suns alone can shine with steady ray,  
For God has said to them : Behold your way.

The Past for us unveils a mystery ;  
Man rightly aims at true felicity :  
His toil brings fair and cultured lands to view ;  
His mind expands to compass countries new.  
He sails in nations, like a bark sublime,  
To sow, to build, along the shores of Time :  
When one is wrecked, another tries its fate,  
For God has said : Your coming I await. <sup>2</sup>

The Age of families was first of all :  
Man knew no laws,—was only Passion's thrall ;  
In scattered groups, 'neath huts by thatch o'erhung,  
The man and woman reared their children young.  
The sons soon joined to form a tribal band,  
And banish wolves and tigers from the land :  
This is the cradle whence the City grew ;  
God said : I have compassion, Men, for you.

The Country, in the Second Age, saw life ;  
A fruitful tree, but nourished oft by strife.  
Each armed nation seems, in fury proud,  
To trample on the conquered, groaning crowd.

To slavery, alas ! they lead their foes ;  
 And in Olympus, evil kings repose.  
 But in the heavens, see a Light arise,  
 And hear God saying : Mortals, lift your eyes. <sup>4</sup>

In the next Age, amid these tumults wild,  
 Religion rears her altar undefiled ;  
 Of Freedom and Fraternity she sings,  
 And deems the poor immortal as their kings.  
 Laws, Arts and Science, Commerce, Industry,  
 All spring to life ; and man subdues the sea ;  
 The Press beats down each country's jealous wall,  
 And God says : Nations, live as brothers, all. <sup>5</sup>

Reign thou, Humanity ! the warlike Past  
 In vain denies thine Age, the best and last.  
 On wildest shores the wind with wondrous speed,  
 Of thy great thought, has sowed the precious seed.  
 Now peace to labor ! Fruits, grow ripe in peace !  
 Love be the law that bids all discord cease ;  
 Nearer the heavens let Creation rest,  
 And hear God saying : Children, be ye blest ! <sup>6</sup>

Hail, Human Nature ! One great family !  
 But why this chant of love and charity ?  
 The sword, the camp-fire, tell of War's array,  
 And darksome shadows dim the dawning day.  
 First of all nations, now, fair land advance,  
 And lead the rest to higher planes, O France !  
 Awake the sleeping world by thy clear light,  
 For God is saying : Shine, thou day-star bright ! <sup>7</sup>

1. Whither are we hastening ? We seem to be walking at random, without knowing where we are going ; and those who feel anxious about the future and wish to prepare for it, absorbed in their own plans do not under-

stand each other. "This remarkable and unhappy century in which we live," says George Sand, "is drifting away; it glides along on the edge of an abyss, and I hear a voice saying: Whither are we going? You who often gaze upon the horizon, what do you discern there? Are we in the advancing wave, or the receding one? Will we fall upon the promised land, or into the gulf of chaos?"—Is our world in the evening twilight or that of the morning? Even wise men are troubled, and to get rid of the cloud that dims their sight, they pass their hand across their brow. They, however, ought to be sure of the road, as they are the suns of our humanity.

2. Never mind the anxiety of wise men! The past proves we have a right to happiness; we approach it by successive steps, every nation setting to work by turns, until the last meets with success after the rest have failed. God expects us to have this realization of happiness, and since He looks for it, He desires it: we shall have it at last.

3. The first age of the world was that of the family, which developed into the tribe, and finally became a community.

4. The second age is that of people forming themselves into nations. These nations were enlarged by wars, had slaves, and considered even their bad kings fit for Olympus. Such is the history of the world until the coming of CHRIST. "Mortals, raise your eyes," says the poet; "behold the Redeemer!"

5. The third age is that governed by CHRIST: the religious age, which condemns slavery and declares men to be equal! And here comes the Press, passing every frontier, and spreading over the world the same knowledge and the same spirit for all. There are no longer

to be different countries, but the same country for every one: "People, fraternize."

6. Finally, our own age, the fourth, that of humanity, of the French Revolution, which proclaimed the rights of man, liberty, equality and - brotherhood. It is no longer kings who reign, no longer the Pope who rules the world, the people are the sovereigns: "Humanity, reign!" Legitimists and men of the past protest in vain: the spirit of the French Revolution has penetrated everywhere. Peace will reign on earth for the happiness and prosperity of every one, love will unite all men, and God will bless all.

7. "Greeting to the human family!" Peace reigns on earth as it reigns in heaven. But, am I dreaming? All nations are armed and ready to destroy each other: O France! enlighten the world and point out the road to a better future. Is this last thought too much of a French sentiment? Perhaps other nations will think so. But let them remember that it is the French who made the French Revolution, that they accomplished it in spite of all the kings in Europe, and that this event has given society greater progress than any other event since the advent of the Messiah. Is not this the place to allow Louis Blanc to speak once more?

"Superficial minds call the French a light people when they see them alternately lifted up and downcast, to-day filled with glorious ecstasy, to-morrow dejected; sometimes unduly carried away, sometimes as if asleep at the feet of a master. The detractors of France do not understand that nothing is frivolous here but themselves, and that the crime of ingratitude is added to the shallowness of their judgment. If France is destined to endure the torture of perpetual change; if her life is



composed of alternate success and misfortune ; if she astonishes the world by so many different and unforeseen aspects ; it is because she shows the beginning of moral progress, because her soil is the field of all kinds of thought ; it is because she seeks, explores, risks herself, suffers and fights, and courts adventures for the benefit of the whole human race. When at the cost of excessive toil she has made some valuable discovery ; when, with bosom torn, she has gained some magnanimous victory, if, bathed in the blood she has poured out, she rests a moment by the roadside to regain strength, other nations point at her in a sneering way and advance calmly, they who profit by the result without being weakened by the effort, giving credit to their own wisdom for that which they owe to the devotion of the pioneer and martyr nation. The most profound thinker of modern England, John Stuart Mill, said to us one day, ‘ God grant that France may never be missing in the world ! The world would again fall into darkness.’ The English philosopher spoke truly. There is a torch by whose light all nations walk, although with unequal steps, on the side of justice, and as it is carried through tempests we must not be astonished if, sometimes, exposed to the breath of the north wind, it flickers and seems about to go out. And it is France that holds this torch ! ”

Mrs. Browning speaks of France in the same way as Louis Blanc. This testimonial of an English woman is valuable. See sixth canto of “ Aurora Leigh : ”

“ The English have a scornful insular way  
Of calling the French light. The levity  
Is in the judgment only, which yet stands ;  
For say a foolish thing but oft enough  
And ” . . .



## PREDICTION OF NOSTRADAMUS.

FOR THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND.

“The Prediction of Nostradamus,” shows us a new world for the year Two Thousand, calm, quiet, and better, without parties and without strife, a kind of golden age, when republicans shall have succeeded kings; generous republicans, who, instead of banishing kings will bestow favors upon them, even granting them a share in the administration of the country: in the year Two Thousand, kings will have the privilege of being mayors at Saint-Cloud and elsewhere. At Paris, perhaps.

Before the birth of Henry Fourth lived Nostradamus old ;<sup>1</sup>

A great Astrologer was he, and in his verse foretold

That in the year Two Thousand, those who on earth abide,  
Of History's dark medal should see the brighter side.

'Tis then, said he, that Paris, 'mid cheerful happiness,  
Shall hear a strange voice saying : “ Oh ! comfort my distress !

Ye happy Frenchmen, o'er ye Peace spreads her snowy  
wings,

Give alms, give alms, I pray you, to the last of all your  
kings.”

Now this strange cry is uttered by a weary man and poor ;

In rags, diseased, barefooted, he seeks the Palace door ;

In exile born, now agèd, he hither comes from Rome,<sup>2</sup>

And seems to be a laughing-stock for schoolboys going  
home.

A Senator, beholding, cries : “ The man a wallet bears !

Our laws have wisely banished all beggars and their heirs.”

“ Sole remnant of my race, alas ! to me misfortune clings ;

Give alms, O noble Statesman, to the last of all your kings.”

“And art thou truly,” asks he, “to royalty allied?”

“Yes,” answers the poor creature, with still a touch of pride,

“Yes; I have seen in Rome, ere yet the Papal power went down,

The sceptre of my ancestor; I saw his golden crown :<sup>3</sup>

He sold them long ago, 'tis true, to purchase food and wine  
For seeming friends, who soon betrayed his interests and mine.

My sceptre now is this old staff which on the pavement rings;  
Give alms, give alms, I pray you, to the last of all your kings.

“My agèd father died, alas! within the debtor's cell;

He dared not let me learn a trade, which now would serve me well ;<sup>4</sup>

I can but beg; oh! rich men all, wherever you may be,  
You're often hard upon the poor; this I have lived to see.  
I tread once more, with trembling feet, that fair and fertile shore

From which my banished ancestors have fled in days of yore;  
In pity for the fleeting pomp of earth and earthly things,  
Give alms, give alms, I pray you, to the last of all your kings.”

“Come, follow me! I'll lead thee on,” the Senator will say,

“Come to my palace; live with us, and sorrow drive away.

No longer bear we hatred to the ancient kings of France;  
Those who remain, oft kneel to us, as humble supplicants.

Whilst waiting for the Senators to argue on thy case,  
And find out on the Pension-list, for thee a proper place,  
I, though from an old regicide my life derived its springs,  
I will at once give alms to thee, the last of all our kings.”

Then Nostradamus adds a note, in his quaint style and old :

“To the poor prince will granted be, of the Republic's gold,  
Four hundred dollars yearly; and living usefully,

For Mayor of St.-Cloud some day, perhaps he'll chosen be,

And, of the year Two Thousand, historians will tell,  
That seated on a throne where Art and Order dwell,  
Fair France in glory resteth, and a peaceful anthem sings,  
And, glad in heart, has given alms to the last of all her  
kings."

1. Nostradamus, or Michel de Nostradamus, made a collection of predictions in verse, so enigmatical they signify anything we wish. Precisely like those of the Priestess of Apollo at Delphos, in pagan times. The book, however, had a high reputation during the reign of Henry IV., and a long time after it was still believed that Nostradamus wrote new prophecies at the bottom of his tomb.

2. He comes from Rome, where his ancestor, no doubt, took refuge after his expulsion from France. The following verse suggests this explanation.

3. The unfortunate Monarch had carried away with him his crown and sceptre, which he sold to pay political agents and writers, who would enable him to regain his throne; but the former deceived him, and the latter were so unskillful, they did him more harm than good.

4. Kings and nobles have been accustomed to consider it a disgrace to work.

## THE FOOLS.

## LES FOUS.

Wise men, in their conduct and enterprises, are governed by reason and prudence with all its calculations; they never make a mistake in the pursuit of their own interests, (as they understand them at least, and as they are understood by the multitude); they manage their affairs well, succeed in securing a good place at the table of life, and in obtaining a large share of the best dishes.—Think now of Galileo, Christopher Columbus, Vincent de Paul, Joan of Arc; of Socrates too, of all the benefactors of mankind; above all, of the REDEEMER of mankind; and in imagination picture their life among their contemporaries or neighbors, and you will forthwith understand who the fools are that Béranger sings about and praises: our fathers, the wise men of their generation, set at naught and slighted these extraordinary beings, to whom we have since erected statues, and have even placed them on our altars, or have deified them; they cried out: “Down with the fools! down with these dreamers and Utopians, disturbers of society!” In the présence of these sublime fools, the multitude resembles the parrot by the side of the nightingale, the fool in the kingdom of birds, which beholds an ideal world, and pours forth in song the aspirations of its soul and genius.

In my childhood I saw this inspired nightingale, the image of our fools, become a teacher, and I heard his great lessons. We had two nightingales in a cage; one had been taken from the nest when very young, and was raised in the prison where it passed its life. The other had lived in the thicket in freedom, had sung and

known all the emotions, pleasures and sufferings that make men and birds great. He became a professor. Every day, once in the morning, a second time toward evening, he sang, not for himself nor for us, but for his pupil ; and at these times he placed himself upon his perch in such a way as to send his voice into the next room, where the young bird was. Generally he began his teaching by singing the whole of his song, which he brought forth with uncommon brilliancy, as if he wished to say :—Listen, my son, to the grand song, our own song, the song of inspired poets. Listen, open your ear to understand what I am singing about, the great light that gives us joy, the harmonious sounds of twilight, the mysterious darkness of night, full at the same time of terrors and dreams ; of Spring, my thicket, my love, my nest and my children ; and beyond the thicket and my love, a wonderful vision, grander music than ours, celestial harmony that I hear in dreams when asleep, and that I listen to in my silent moments by day. Where is it ? From whence does it come ? Why cannot I succeed in reproducing it in my song, as it comes to my ears. Oh ! if you could hear it as I hear it, my son, if you too could be drawn toward the wonderful vision, you would learn the song and emotions of the nightingale's world.—Is not his vision the Infinite, is it not the very God we adore ?

Meanwhile the other listens motionless and very attentive, and continues to listen when the song is finished. A moment after, the master seems to ask him, by one or two little cries, if he is ready to take his lesson. He signifies that he is.—I am sitting, during the lesson, in the pupil's room, and I hear the first notes of the first song the professor warbles, without producing the whole volume



of sound. The young nightingale still listens, but is silent. The notes are repeated once, twice, three times, the last time a little louder and more melodiously.—Silence.—The whole verse repeated.—Not a sound.—The first notes again.—Silence still.—The poor little thing does not dare. I want to encourage him, and I offer him in my fingers a morsel of meal. He takes it and eats it without leaving his perch, almost without being distracted. Finally, after another call from the master, he sings the first notes, half of the song, very feebly, very awkwardly, without expression, like a machine. The other is not discouraged, does not once lose patience, repeats over and over again the same notes, for half an hour, ever more beautiful, more touching, more melodious.—These ministers of God, sent to enlighten and elevate His children, are so good, so patient.

Once more, behold in this nightingale and his peers, our fools, and we, Philistines, bourgeois-snails, grocers, shop-keepers, moneyed men, are by the side of our fools what the common crowd of parrots, sparrows, ravens, American black-birds, turkeys, magpies and jays are, compared to nightingales; all sensible creatures, the wise of this world and living without cares, without dreams, without music, as their fathers have lived, fat and strong, in the thickets and on the trees.

Old soldiers of lead that we are, <sup>1</sup>

All marching by plummet and rule,

If any man step from the ranks,

The rest cry out : Down with the fool !

Then come persecution and death :

But when later his virtues they trace,

In his honor a statue they raise

For the fame of the human race.



How often a sweet thought awaits,  
 Lone maiden, the spouse of her heart !  
 From the silly she meets with disdain,  
 And the wise man will bid her : Depart.  
 A fool who has faith in the dawn,  
 Wedding her, in her fair hiding-place,—  
 From this wonderful union will spring  
 Many joys for the human race.

Saint-Simon, the prophet, I've seen<sup>2</sup>  
 First rich, then in debt, but still true,  
 Who, from corner-stone up to the dome,  
 Would create society new.  
 With a heartfelt trust in his work,  
 When old he still longed to embrace  
 That religion of mercy and love,  
 Which could rescue the human race.

Says Fourier : Rise from the mire,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ye people, by false teachers bound !  
 Come work, grouped in phalanxes grand,  
 Where labors attractive are found.  
 After many disasters, let Earth  
 Form with Heaven a marriage of grace,  
 And the law which controlleth the stars,  
 Shall give Peace to the human race.

“ Père Enfantin ” made woman free,<sup>4</sup>  
 And gave her, in our rights, a share.  
 “ Fie ! ” say you, “ of epigrams sharp,  
 Let these three dreaming fools beware.”  
 But sirs, when our poor world in vain  
 The pathway of pleasure would trace,  
 All praise to the fool who can give  
 Happy dreams to the human race !<sup>5</sup>

Who discovered a Continent new ?  
 A fool who was loaded with chains.  
 ONE, dying, bequeaths us a God,  
 From the Cross, amid bitterest pains.  
 If, to-morrow, forgetful of dawn,  
 The sun should forsake us, apace  
 Some fool would soon find and uphold  
 A new torch for the human race. <sup>6</sup>

1. Are most men anything but "leaden soldiers" or Panurge's sheep? Not one dares leave the ranks to embrace and defend a new idea, and work for the improvement of society. They do not even dream of it. They go where everyone goes, like sheep, in a large company, even were it to the bottomless pit.

2. Count Claude-Henri de Saint-Simon, born in October, 1760, died in May, 1825. He was one of the Frenchmen who accompanied La Fayette to America, to take part in the war for Independence. His principal work is "The New Christianity." In this book he endeavors to show that Christianity has been changed and corrupted; that the clergy, who are authorized to teach it, are themselves ignorant of the needs of the times; that Luther's reformation is no truer than the Catholic church: in depriving worship of the arts that charm life (Matthew Arnold agrees with Saint-Simon), in not laboring for the relief and well-being of the poorest classes, Luther continued the fatal struggle between mind and matter, body and soul. The new Christianity has its source in the great principle: "Love one another," and it draws from it the following formula: "Religion ought to direct all social forces toward the moral and physical improvement of the most numerous and poorest class." This new Christianity does not seem

to differ from primitive Christianity. Such as it is, our society desires neither the one nor the other.

3. François-Marie-Charles Fourier, born in 1772, died in 1837. It was he who conceived the idea of life in phalanxes, that is in communities of eighteen hundred persons, who should together devote themselves, with zeal and love, to different industries, rendered attractive and easy for them by freedom of choice, work in common, division of labor, and alternation of duties. The special occupations to receive remuneration, not in direct ratio to their utility, but in inverse ratio to the natural attraction they present to the laborer. Mr. Edward Bellamy develops more than one of Fourier's ideas, in his book, "Looking Backward," where he shows us, for the year Two Thousand, an ideal society in which we should be very happy to live again.

4. Enfantin, generally known by the name of "Père Enfantin," was a thoroughly convinced disciple of Saint-Simon. He was particularly in favor of curing the internal miseries of human families, and dreamed of theories which would, above all, improve the condition of woman, for whom marriage often turns out to be tyranny. George Sand, more than once, has become the eloquent advocate of Père Enfantin's ideas.

5. "A happy dream!" It is a great deal for poor human beings: to give them these dreams is not vain labor, nor is it unworthy of the greatest genius.

6. This last verse is one of Béranger's grandest and fullest: he brings before us at the same time, the one who discovered a new world; HIM who saved men by dying for them; and the man who will discover a new luminary for us on the day when the sun shall cease to light the world.

## THE GOOD MAN'S ROSARY.

## LE CHAPELET DU BON HOMME.

“The Good Man’s Rosary” is like a voice from Heaven, like white flowers crowning the poet’s songs. It is so full of charity, so divine, we might imagine, without irreverence, that it was spoken by CHRIST Himself to His beloved disciples, that they might repeat and spread it over the whole world, as the great lesson of charity, which men must understand, accept, and practice, to receive as much consolation and happiness on earth as is permitted to the human race.

The good man in the song stands for you and me, for everyone who has his dark rosary of sorrows, who is condemned at some time to lose and weep for friends, parent, companion, son or daughter. To enable us to bear these heavy griefs of life, without sinking under the burden, there is a consoling spirit, a heavenly messenger who offers to lead us, as he led the good man in the song, to whom he said at last :

*Happy are those who for their guide  
Have me forever at their side !  
Angel of comfort would I be,  
And all men call me Charity.*

What noble sentiments and perfect truth in the thought following, which is the summary and basis of Béranger’s song. To heal your sorrow, forget self, go out of self, think of another’s suffering, and hasten to mitigate this suffering. That looks heroic, nevertheless, personal interest rightly understood, reason and wisdom are sufficient to demand this heroism. Egotism, exclusive love of self, wraps us up in our own sorrows. It is

Charity, alone, which urges us on to noble deeds that bring relief, and thus points out the road to happiness.

- “ Weep not, man, such useless tears  
O'er thy rosary of sorrow.”
- “ Ah ! my friend has passed away ;  
Let me this sad comfort borrow.”
- “ Seest thou yonder cottage roof ?  
Hasten to relieve their need ;  
And thy rosary of grief  
Lose in going, bead by bead.”
- Soon again, a new complaint ;  
“ Good man, what is now thy moan ? ”
- “ Ah ! an aged father dead  
I am weeping, sad and lone.”
- “ Hasten quickly to the wood :  
Stop the brigand's wicked deed ;  
And thy rosary of grief  
Lose in going, bead by bead.”
- Soon a greater sorrow falls ;  
“ In battalions come life's ills.”
- “ My beloved wife is dead ;  
Anguish now my bosom fills.”
- “ Seest the fire in yonder town ?  
Help to put it out with speed ;  
And thy rosary of grief  
Lose in going, bead by bead.”
- Still another bitter grief ;  
“ Those we love we meet again.”
- “ Let me weep my daughter dead ;  
All my heart is rent with pain.”
- “ Haste to save a drowning child,  
Lest the mother's heart should bleed ;  
And thy rosary of grief  
Lose in going, bead by bead.”

Last there comes a dulling pain.

“ Good man, what is now thy wail ? ”

“ I am old, and I must weep

As I feel my vigor fail.”

“ Go and warm the trembling wren,

By thy barn in piteous need ;

And thy rosary of grief

Lose in going, bead by bead.”

Now at last the good man smiles,

And the oracle doth say :

“ Happy those who let me be

Guiding angel of their way ;

I am Charity, my friend,

\* Preach my law of love each morrow,

Till no single bead be left

Of thy rosary of sorrow.”







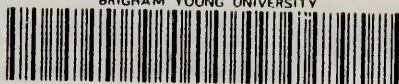


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